The Outlook

DECEMBER 8, 1920

WAR-IMPELLED MIGRATION

ONE of the questions asked, but not answered with unanimity by experts during the war, was, Will Europeans try to flock to America when peace comes, or will they want to stay at home? It is plain by this time what the answer is. With the cessation of hostilities the impulse to leave their stricken homelands and flee to a refuge in America was widespread throughout the peoples of Europe. Even with the strict and arbitrary literacy and other tests, and with the enhanced difficulties involved in the obtaining of passports, which was made compulsory because of the war, the immigrants have been crowding Ellis Island in New York Harbor, and have at times overtaxed the facilities of the Government for handling incoming aliens.

A Committee on Immigration of the Merchants' Association in New York, after an inquiry, has, for example, reported that sleeping quarters at Ellis Island are frequently used to accommodate at least twice the number for which they were intended, and that the staff of inspectors is overworked and their efficiency correspondingly impaired.

The Commissioner-General of Immigration, Anthony Caminetti, who recently sailed from New York to investigate conditions at centers of emigration in Europe, said on the eve of his departure that many of the immigrants who had sold their belongings and broken up their homes and spent their all in buying transportation to this country found upon their arrival that they were not admissible, and he expressed the opinion that this ought to be remedied by dealing with immigration at its source.

The question of immigration is further complicated by the special difficulties involved in dealing with immigration from the Orient. To admit any considerable body of aliens who are incapable of becoming assimilated to the general population is to invite domestic disturbances and friction with foreign countries. It is generally believed that Orientals do not become easily Americanized, and yet such a country as Japan objects to any policy that discriminates against her Emperor's subjects.

All these facts and others have raised anew the immigration question as a matter to be taken up in Congress in the session beginning December 6.

One proposal is to limit immigration from any country to a certain percentage of those already admitted. The proponents of this plan are largely actuated by a desire to establish a policy which will actually limit Japanese immigration without formally discriminating against the Japanese. As there are comparatively few Japanese in this country, the percentage system would cut down immigrants from Japan to a very small actual number. The objections to this proposal, however, seem to us to be conclusive. The fact that this measure, if it became law, would admit great numbers of Germans and a very small number of French is in itself enough to show how ill adapted it is to deal with the problem. It is a bill to establish the *status quo*. It is dealing with a problem essentially vital and human in an arithmetical and mechanical way.

Representative Albert Johnson, Chairman of the House Committee on Immigration, proposes that Congress should pass at once a bill virtually stopping all immigration for the time being, allowing only those aliens to come in who have parents, wives, or children already in the country and naturalized. Of course he does not propose this as a permanent policy but simply as a measure to prevent the flood of immigration that is almost sure otherwise to inundate our ports of ingress after March 4, when the present provisions requiring passports will expire.

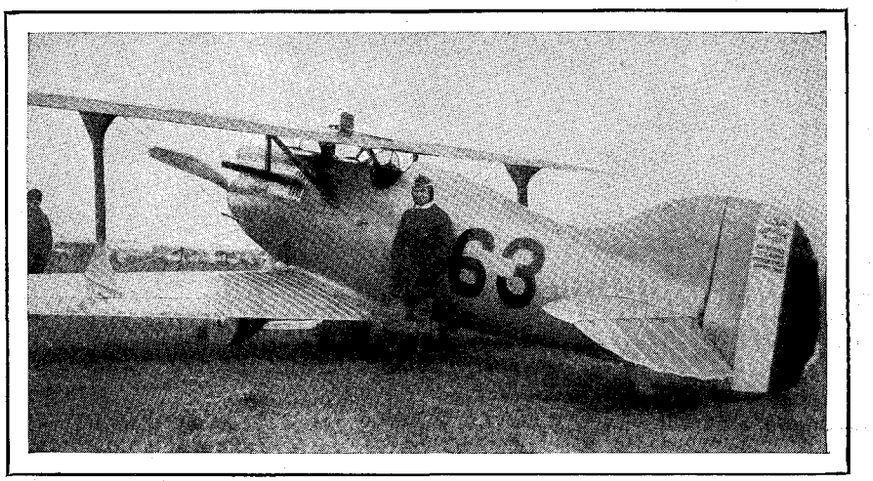
In spite of the study given to the subject, there has been no really thorough and consistent immigration policy officially adopted by the United States. We have much to learn with regard to inspection, selection, and distribution of immigrants from our neighbor, Canada. Certainly we ought not to postpone decisive inspection of immigrants until these aliens become congested on our shores.

AN AIR RACE

THANKSGIVING DAY saw the victory of an Army battle plane, the Verville-Packard, in the triangular race for the Pulitzer Trophy on Long Island. The winning machine is credited with flying 132 miles in forty-four minutes and twenty-nine and fifty-seven hundredths seconds, which means an average speed of 178 miles an hour. Some question has been raised as to the accuracy with which the course, starting and ending at Mitchel Field, Mineola, Long Island, was measured, but the achievement seems to have been a notable one.

Thirty-six machines took part in the race, though only eleven finished. Three foreign machines were entered in the contest, representing the manufacturers of Italy, Great Britain, and France. The Italian machine, an S. V. A., finished in third place. The British and French machines did not finish. Brigadier-General Mitchel, Chief of Operations of the United States Army Air Service, has stated his belief that the Verville-Packard is capable of two hundred miles an hour on a straight course.

The speed records of the Long Island



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LIEUTENANT C. C. MOSLEY, U. S. A., AND THE AIRPLANE WITH WHICH HE WON THE PULITZER TROPHY RACE

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INTERIOR OF PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN, SHOWING DAMAGE DONE BY FIRE IN THE LECTURE ROOM

Air Meet exceeded the record established at the recent Gordon Bennett race in France.

RIDDANCE TO RINTELEN

FRANZ VON RINTELEN, a former captain of the German navy, who was convicted of fraud and of conspiracy to destroy munition ships of the Allies by putting fire bombs in their cargoes, has been released by President Wilson.

Very few crimes that the Germans committed during the war were so contemptible as those for which Rintelen was imprisoned. There is something particularly cowardly in the method which he employed with others to strike at his country's enemies. He was not an open combatant. He was at the time of his acts a resident in a neutral country, enjoying the protection and safety provided by this Government; and he not only struck at the lives of civilians of combatant nations, which outside of Germany was considered to be murder even in war time, but violated in a dishonorable way the neutrality of a nation with which his own country was at least technically on friendly relations. In view of the moral turpitude involved in his crime, Rintelen's sentences amounted to a very short term, aggregating, after a year in the New Jersey penitentiary, three years in the Federal prison at Atlanta.

The conditions on which commutation of his sentences was granted may indicate the reason for it. Under the terms of the commutation Rintelen had to give a bond of $5,000 to leave the country by January 1. It is possible that this was believed to be the best way of getting rid of a noxious alien.

THE INJURY TO PLYMOUTH CHURCH

ONE of the historic places in America is the plain brick structure in Brooklyn, New York, where Henry Ward Beecher preached. On November 23 it was injured by fire. America is not so rich in buildings of historic association that it can afford to lose even one of them. Fortunately, the fire was discovered before the flames had got beyond control, and the building, though badly damaged, was saved from destruction.

The fire started in the boiler rooms which are underneath the lecture room. It was here that the greatest damage was done. This part of the lecture room was ruined and the church parlors were very badly damaged. The lecture room and parlors were closely associated with the life and activity of Mr. Beecher, and continue to be an essential and important part of the church building. The church auditorium itself was injured somewhat by smoke and steam, but the great and fine old organ was apparently undamaged. Eight of the stained-glass windows put up as a memorial during Dr. Hillis's pastorate were broken in the process of controlling the fire, but these can be replaced. The portrait of Mr. Beecher by Conant was injured, though the face of the portrait was not badly disfigured. The portrait can possibly be restored. The old Beecher pulpit and the old Beecher piano were saved.

Though some of the cases of the Beecher relics were damaged and many of the old Beecher letters apparently ruined by water and smoke, a great deal was saved not only from destruction but from injury.

THE BLUE LAW AGITATION

NEWSPAPERS have been filled with reports these last few days of a movement to force the adoption of a Federal Constitutional amendment enforcing Nation-wide Sabbath observance. Some of those who have been active in the Prohibition movement are listed among the supporters of this venture in un-American practice. Others are professional reformers of considerably less standing and importance. One who is emphatically of the latter class has recently been quoted as saying:

> I see no reason why the public libraries or the art galleries should remain open on Sunday. We shall seek to eliminate the huge Sunday newspapers and establish a censorship over the stuff that gets into them on other days. I might add that a sensible censorship should be placed over such galleries as the Metropolitan Museum of Art as well. I shall never forget the shame that overcame me the first time I went through that place. . . . Of course we shall back no law that would compel a man or a woman to attend church. But we believe that if we take away a man's motor car, his golf sticks, his Sunday newspaper, his horses, his amusement houses and parks and prohibit him from playing outdoor games or witnessing field sports he naturally will drift back to church. We should have no objection to his taking decent recreation, such as walks in the country or reading good books or healthy conversation. But if he wants to see baseball or play golf or tennis or go automobiling let him do it during the week.

The character of this particular reformer's mind may be further understood when it is added that he has recently opposed (on "moral" grounds) the wearing by children of half-hose!

We suspect that the newspaper reports have been exaggerating the size of the movement in a natural desire to fill up the vacuum which usually follows a National election. But as much as this can be said: The reformers who are agitating for a revival of Sunday laws should have the hearty support of those who opposed the Eighteenth Amendment, for we know of no better way to make the Eighteenth Amendment ridiculous than to extend National prohibition to matters with which the National Government cannot rightfully concern itself. If the reformers desire

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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

AS SELECTED BY OUTLOOK READERS

Pease in the Newark Evening News

ME THEY BANISHED, ALSO, VENIZELOS, BECAUSE THEY "TIRED" OF HEARING ME CALLED "ARISTIDES THE JUST"!
GREEKS "ARE TIRED OF PROGRESS GLORY AND EXPANSION

HISTORICAL PRECEDENT

From Rev. H. A. Pearce, West Orange, N. J.

Norman in the Boston Post

THE SOLE SURVIVOR

From Alfred E. Humphries, Marion, Mass.

Evans in the Baltimore Courier

COAL, COAL, WHO'S GOT THE COAL?

From Mrs. Norman Day, Boston, Mass.

Burtt in the Knoxville Journal

AND STILL SHOWING SIGNS OF LIFE

From L. P. Miller, Russellville, Tenn.

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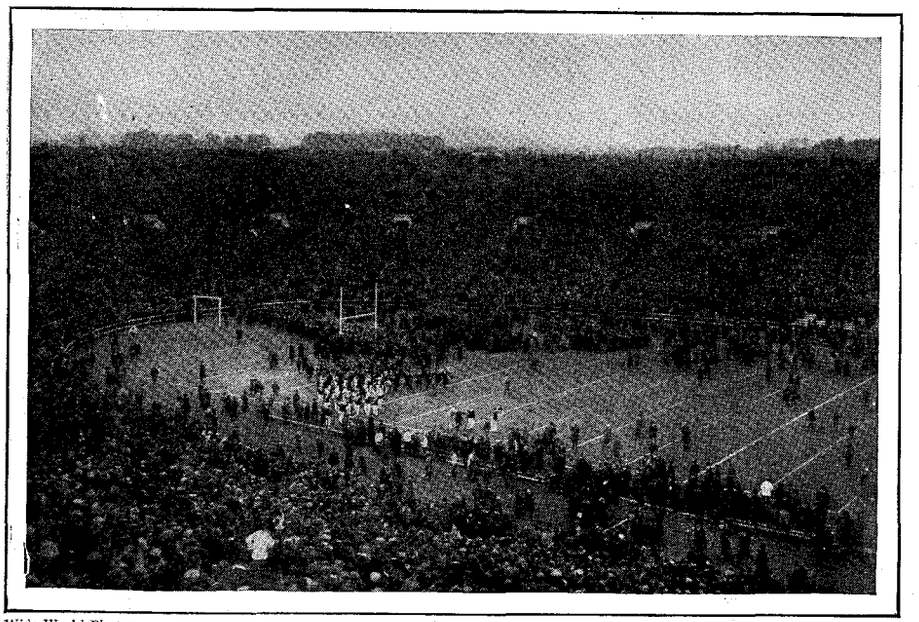

Wide World Photos

HARVARD'S TRIUMPH OVER YALE—HARVARD STUDENTS TAKE PART IN A SNAKE DANCE AFTER THE GAME WAS WON

to arouse a sentiment which will result in the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, let them apply the principle of that Amendment to the observance of Sunday.

The Nation has a right and duty to see that every citizen, so far as possible, shall have one day of rest in seven. How the citizen spends that day should not be determined by the conscience of others.

Dr. Manning recently well summarized the situation when he said:

> This proposed campaign for stricter Sunday laws is one of those well-meant but misguided efforts which do harm instead of good to the cause they are intended to serve. It is impracticable, wrong in principle, and based on a narrow and imperfect conception of the Christian religion. It would do far more to drive religion out of the hearts of the people than to draw them toward it.
>
> We have no right to try to compel religious observance of Sunday by law. The law should forbid all unnecessary business on Sunday, and thus as far as possible secure to all their right to Sunday as a day of freedom from their ordinary occupations and of religious observance if they wish so to use it. Further than this the law may not rightly go.
>
> As to recreations and amusements on Sunday, the Christian Church has never laid down any rules in detail, though individuals and groups have done so. The Church gives us the great principle that this is the Lord's day, and leaves us to apply it according to our own consciences and circumstances.

WHY NOT TRY THE EXPERIMENT?

THE Church of the Incarnation, in New York City, held a series of conferences bearing on foreign missions and occupying the week of November 15–19.

Each conference occupied one day and each topic was assigned to a layman who was an expert on the special topic. Thus the subject of Medicine took the hour from ten to eleven every morning and was treated one day by such men as Dr. Tyson, Commissioner of Medical Work among the Mountaineers in Tennessee, who dealt with medical needs among the mountaineers, and on another day by George Foster Peabody, who treated "The Negro: An American Problem."

In a similar manner Religion, Education, Commerce and Trade, Citizenship, etc., were treated at successive conferences.

The plan is here noted because it seems to us to suggest a method which might be adopted very widely with such modifications as varying conditions suggest. The two features which are essential are the recognition by the churches that religion covers a wide range of topics and that laymen might well be called in to render the services of teachers. Thus in a village where evening services are sustained with difficulty the churches might well unite for, say, six weeks of union meetings in which a physician would treat one evening the laws of health as laws of God and what obedience to them by the individual and by the community requires; a lawyer would speak another evening on the duties of citizenship and what they involve in a free Republic; a teacher a third evening, on what education means and what the community should do to provide it; and a merchant a fourth evening, on what trade and commerce are or ought to be as regarded by Christ's disciples.

The recognition of these three principles—(1) that religion has to do with the whole of life, (2) that laymen are better equipped to give instruction on some topics than clergymen, (3) that co-operation in certain phases of religious activity is possible for the churches without modifying their distinctive forms either of thought or of worship—would, if thoroughly apprehended by the clergy, be capable of creating a new interest in their work and adding to certain aspects of it a new efficiency.

THE FOOTBALL SEASON

THE football season practically came to an end on November 27, with the defeat of the West Point cadets by their service rivals from Annapolis. The football season of 1920 has, to the grief of a large number of sporting writers, produced no outstanding "champion," but it has nevertheless (we are almost tempted to say therefore) been one of the most successful years in the history of American football. In cleanness of play, in enthusiasm, and in popular interest the sport has been at the crest.

In the East, Princeton, Harvard, Pennsylvania State, Pittsburgh, and Boston College have been outstandingly successful. In the South the Georgia School of Technology scored a remarkable series of victories, although its record has been marred by the protests against the eligibility of some of its players and their conduct during the games. In the Western Conference, Ohio State again achieved pre-eminence. On the Pacific Slope the University of California deserves mention. Among the games of particular interest which may be cited were the defeat of Williams by Amherst, the defeat of Chicago by Michigan, the defeat of Michigan by Ohio State, the defeat of Yale by Princeton and Harvard, the defeat of Minnesota by Iowa, the victory of Dartmouth over Washington University, and the disappointment which Cornell suffered by the unlooked-for addition of another defeat upon the record scroll of its traditional contests with the University of Pennsylvania.

One of the few unhealthy features of the football season is the manner in which many of the sporting writers of the daily press misuse their opportunities to present the game to the public. There are some very honorable exceptions to this statement, but there is emphatically too little realization of the

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character of the amateur spirit, too much blind partisanship, too much transposition of the spirit of the prize ring to the gridiron to make the usual comment on football a wholesome thing. Some day the average sporting writer will wake to the fact that most college students and graduates are not interested in mythical championships or in wordy comparisons between elevens which have not met on the gridiron. When such a happy day arrives, it may be harder for the sport writers to fill their columns, but their columns will be more easily read by intelligent followers of this great American game.

WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT, ANYHOW?

THERE have been few plays on the New York stage this year which have given the reviewers so much trouble as "The Tavern." Putting the traditional finger on the traditional flea is an easy task compared with the labor of classifying this curious drama.

It is advertised as a satire, and advertisements of theatrical productions have never been known to lie. But somehow this easy classification does not seem to be wholly adequate. There are moments during the progress of the play when it in turn appears to be a rather dull melodrama, a burlesque of a melodrama, a farce, a tragedy, a whimsy, and a poignantly jocular treatment of things which are not in the least humorous.

The scene of "The Tavern" is laid where its title would indicate. It is a play in two acts and one long, continuous thunder-storm which rumbles and crashes the whole evening through. The chief characters are an irascible landlord, his trembling son, a serving-maid, a bewildered hired man, a governor, his wife, daughter, and prospective son-in-law, and an assorted group containing highwaymen, officers of the law, and the keeper of an insane asylum. The leading figure in the play is a wandering observer of mankind, whose main contention is that "all the world's a stage" and he is its audience. The observer is played by Arnold Daly. The characters are costumed in garments which range from the early eighteenth century French and English to a movie-director's idea of a Gloucester fisherman. As to the plot, the present cost of white paper prohibits any complete description. It could be adequately described only in one of those breathlessly amorphous sentences in which a child recounts a whole day's conglomerate adventures at the supper-table. It is "most horrible" at the moment when it starts to be humorous and most humorous on the verge of a threatening horror.

White Studios

This is the maiden all forlorn, and the Governor whose prospective son-in-law she has accused of causing her forlornness, and the bewildered hired man whom she is accusing of knowing all about her forlornness, and the student of the drama of life, Arnold Daly, who is finding the whole situation vastly interesting

When Barrie creates a whimsy, he pitches it at least in a consistent key. It may be a key which no other writer has ever discovered, but it is a perfectly unified creation.

When a musician jazzes a conventional theme, he changes its time, but still retains its tonal structure. It seems as though the authors of "The Tavern" had taken a dramatic theme and, instead of changing its key or its time, had merely shifted the range of its notes, just as a pianist might slide his fingers a few spaces along the keyboard and play a piece through with willful disregard for the ensuing dissonance.

You do not know anything more about "The Tavern" than when you started to read this editorial? Well, you know just as much as we do, and we sat through its two acts with very little slackening of interest. When you come to New York, go and see "The Tavern" and let us know whether it is a satire on the drama or a satire on audiences.

Perhaps "The Tavern" is a real achievement, and perhaps it is a dramatic version of Gertrude Stein's "Tender Buttons." We shall be surprised if you do not repeat the frequent ejaculation of the bewildered hired man which heads this editorial, "What's it all about, anyhow?"

OUR NATIONAL PARKS THREATENED

OUR National Parks are something more than playgrounds. Those who attempt to infringe on their beauty and wildness have falsely represented them as enjoyed chiefly by Eastern millionaires at the expense of Western development. Nothing could be further from the fact. Their appeal has been to large numbers of people from all sections. They form but a small part of the entire National reservations, but all the more they deserve and require especial protection.

The difference between the National Forests and the National Parks shows why the complete conservation of the National Parks is imperative. The law permits water power, irrigation, lumbering, and hunting in season in National Forests; it permits none of these in National Parks. In practice, National Parks are small areas set apart within National Forests. To destroy the differentiating principle is to nullify the purpose of former Congresses in making National Parks; it is to return them to the status, in all but mere name, and to the conditions of the National Forests. We cannot permit this to be done. Our National Parks are our National Museums of native America, bearing much the same relation to the National For-

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ests as a museum of natural history, for instance, does to the great city park in which it stands.

The general principle underlying the protection and conservation of the National Parks is simple, but its application is difficult. It is quite conceivable that beauty may sometimes have to give way to a pressing public need. But the tendency has been to encroach, not to save cities, but to save money. Commercializing the people's property has been insidious and persistent. There is sound sense in a dictum of Mr. Payne, the present Secretary of the Interior, and a stanch supporter of the National Parks, that "it is not safe to encroach upon the National Parks for any commercial purpose." This is emphatically a case where safety lies on the conservative side. We should not take any risks; injury once done cannot be undone. These reservations, few in number and small in comparison with the total Governmental reserves, form a link between the wild life of America and our day; they preserve noble and beautiful examples of natural marvels; they show American wild animals living natural lives in their natural habitats. It is our duty to protect them faithfully for our own enjoyment, and to pass them on to generations which would otherwise not have remaining examples of all this.

The present immediate danger to the National Parks is twofold—the attempt to encroach on them for water power and the attempt to divert their streams and lakes to irrigation. The situation has recently been debated in The Outlook in letters from Mr. W. J. Hannah, of Big Timber, Montana, and Mr. J. Horace McFarland, the President of the American Civic Association, on the one hand, and Senator Walsh, of Montana, on the other. It is evident from this correspondence that, however plausible the argument may be that it is possible to use the Parks for commercial purposes and still leave them beautiful, it would involve grave danger to their special and peculiar character. Mr. McFarland says of the situation in the Yellowstone, where it is proposed to establish an irrigation reservoir for the benefit of a comparatively few farmers, the issue is plain: "It is either completely to give up the Yellowstone as a spectacle or completely to retain it as a spectacle. It cannot be handled on a compromise basis and still have it worth while as a Park."

It is proposed to introduce several irrigation bills threatening the Yellowstone Park at the next session of Congress. A friend of the National Parks who is thoroughly in touch with the situation writes us as to this: "The nature of any private privilege granted in any National Park, whether it be for power or irrigation or mining obsidian for teething rings, makes not a straw's difference. The first one granted, whether by the Water Power Commission or by Congress, will open the door, and complete commercialization of all the National parks inevitably will follow in time."

It is pointed out that it is quite possible to take the water for irrigation outside the Park, for, as Secretary Payne says, "The water doesn't stay in the parks." The effort is to get free reservoir sites inside the Park and to avoid expense generally. In reply, the advocates of preserving the Parks intact say that there are alternatives, in many cases better alternatives except in respect to the cost of reservoir sites; that there is no instance where modern engineering cannot solve the problem outside of National Park boundaries; and that, if the end to be gained is not worth the cost of purchasing sites and erecting possibly more expensive works, it certainly is not worth the destruction of the special character of our National Parks. It will be seen that this is the business of the people themselves. Their remedy is simple. Let them instruct their Representatives in Congress.

The second new danger to the Parks, that from the greed for water power, arises from the fact that Congress, in passing the Federal Water Power Act, did not, as it should have done, exempt the National Parks from the operation of the Act. The law was passed in a hurry, was supposed to have been killed by the President's "pocket veto," but, under a precedent found when the friends of the measure were bringing pressure to bear, was signed. Secretary Payne averted the danger for a time when he obtained an agreement by the Water Power Commission that it would grant no leases in the National Parks until Congress should have an opportunity to amend the law. That this should be done by Congress admits of no question. If it is not done by the present Congress, the new Administration after March 4 should certainly prove its interest in the large and vital subject of conservation by acting promptly.

As the law now stands, the Water Power Commission, which consists of the Secretaries of War, the Interior, and Agriculture, may grant half-century leases in National Parks and Monuments to build dams, power-houses, transmission lines, and other structures, necessary or convenient, without other advertisement than what it thinks is necessary to bring out other and perhaps more advantageous bids. It is true that a Secretary of the Interior who cares for the National Parks as Secretary Payne does might balk any effort to persuade the Water Power Commission to grant injurious privileges. But when we remember what happened at the time of the Ballinger controversy it is clear that we must not depend upon it as a certainty that the public interest will always take precedence over private interests. As the other members of the Water Power Commission might perhaps be influenced by the fact that it was created for the express purpose of stimulating the use of water power, the Secretary of the Interior would be the single natural and legal defender of the National Parks.

The responsibility for our National Parks and the power over them ought not to be in one man's hands, nor in three men's hands; they should return to the open forum of Congress, where they have rested for half a century and where they belong.

SHALL WE SCRAP THE TREATY?

"NINE-TENTHS of wisdom," Mr. Roosevelt used to say, "consists in being wise in time."

It is easy to see now that if all Americans who are convinced that we should unite with our allies in any terms that we make with Germany had put themselves strongly behind the Lodge reservations we should in all likelihood have by this time established a technical as well as an actual state of peace. It is, or ought to be, equally clear now that the Treaty with the Lodge reservations has practically lost what chance it had of adoption. It has been intimated that President Wilson may now submit the Treaty again to the Senate with the Lodge reservations, thus attempting to put his opponents in a hole. If he does so, the Senate probably will not accept the Lodge reservations and the Treaty. Since those reservations were framed, a great deal has happened. The American people have made it evident that they are not only opposed to the Covenant of the League of Nations, but also to the participation of America in the contentions and broils over European boundaries. If America had been allowed to sign the Treaty with the exception of the Covenant eighteen months ago, it is very possible that many of those quarrels might have been prevented. Now the quarrels have been entered into and

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are past the stage of prevention. England and France and Italy are in dissension over the terms of the Treaty. If we should sign the Treaty now even without the Covenant, we should have to take sides in those dissensions, and that the American people are plainly unwilling to do.

There are two possible courses open:

One is to accept the Treaty of Versailles with new reservations eliminating the United States from the League of Nations as at present constituted, and also—and this is equally, if not more, important—declaring that the United States declines to commit itself to the maintenance of the Treaty's territorial arrangements. We should thus join with our allies in the Treaty of Peace and would leave to the party which by a great popular mandate assumes the administration of the Government on March 4 the duty and right of adjusting our international relations.

The other method is to adopt a declaration promulgating a state of peace, corresponding to the declaration promulgating a state of war, and announcing at the same time that the United States will hold Germany accountable as a defeated enemy and will concede to her no rights except such as are later to be determined upon.

The first course is intrinsically simpler, and, if accepted by the other signatories, including Germany, to the Treaty of Versailles, would automatically establish the peace as a victorious peace and place the United States in a position of enforcing all the terms upon Germany excepting those which are strictly territorial. The delay of the last two years, however, has allowed opposition to such a course to grow, and we think it is very doubtful whether any such plan can be carried out. Moreover, Mr. Harding is committed to the other course. He has said that as soon as a resolution establishing a state of peace is submitted to him he will sign it. Whether such a resolution would be equivalent to separating ourselves entirely from our allies or not will depend upon its terms. Such a resolution would not necessarily put us in a position of aloofness. Indeed, it might strengthen us with our allies.

There is absolutely no doubt that the United States is as devoted as ever to the principles for which the Nation really fought. American soldiers did not fight to settle the boundaries of the Banat of Temesvar, or the access of Poland to the sea, or any other European territorial question. The United States fought because Germany, by her disregard of the law of war and of the laws of nations, by her menace to all free peoples, had invaded America's soul. The American soldiers were much nearer the truth than their President when they said that they fought to "can the Kaiser." To say that if we do not sign the Treaty or accept such and such terms we have fought in vain, is to allow one's emotions to blind one's reason. America has done what she set out to do. She has proved that any country which defies civilization and espouses international anarchy invites its own destruction.

The best thing that the United States can do now is to employ every practicable measure—

First, to see that the countries which Germany most immediately injured, France and Belgium, shall not be menaced soon again, and for that reason the United States should concede to both France and Belgium those physical barriers of defense which are necessary for their safety. The Franco-Anglo-American Treaty now pigeonholed in the Senate may not be necessary if France is permitted to have a proper frontier. If she is not permitted to have a proper frontier as a consequence of Mr. Wilson's objections, then that Treaty ought to be revived and signed with reservations eliminating all reference to the Covenant of the League of Nations in it.

Second, to insist that Germany make proper reparation to France and Belgium and other countries she has injured and render up her criminals to justice.

Third, to keep everlastingly at the task of defining and applying international law, not only by conventions, treaties, and the most practicable form of international courts of law, but also by the announcement of policies devoted to that end.

SOME CHRISTMAS ADVICE AND A WORD TO THE UNWISE

I

CHRISTMAS, 1920

CHOOSE CAREFULLY YOUR GIFTS FOR CHILDREN

DO not choose such gifts as whips, swords, or guns.

We do not wish to encourage our children to play at games of whipping, fighting, or any cruel sport.

Do not give a live animal, kitten or puppy, to a small child who will not know better than to hurt it.

Do not give to children a caged bird —since Liberty is our watchword, we should not allow our children to keep any creature in confinement.

Avoid giving books on hunting, robbery, murder, or war. We do not wish to accustom the child mind to thoughts of agony and death.

Choose toys that are interesting and instructive, which will be enjoyed by the average child and leave no destructive impression on the mind. A child's mind receives and *holds* early impressions—those transmitted in play; this has been proven by the kindergarten method of child training.

M. L. H.,
Humane Education Press Bureau.
Boston, Massachusetts.

II

Do not give your child any water to drink on Christmas day. People have been frequently drowned in water.

By no means give your child a plant for Christmas. Some plants grow into trees, and on some trees people have been hanged.

Above all, do not let your child warm itself beside the grate where the stockings are hung. They burned Joan of Arc at the stake, and, unfortunately, made use of fire in so doing.

The only appropriate Christmas gifts for your child are a pair of blinders, a gag, and a nice piece of sanitary cotton to stuff in its ears. Better yet, follow Mark Twain's advice concerning boys, and put your child in a barrel and feed it through the bung until it reaches the age of twenty-one.

Seriously, the advice which has been sent to us by the Humane Education Press Bureau seems to involve one of the most curious misunderstandings of child psychology which we have seen in a long time. A child's mind develops as the mind of the race developed. It possesses in little all the primitive instincts of the race. The way to develop these instincts for the good of the child and the good of society is not to ignore these instincts, but to sublimate them in useful and effective action.

A boy who has been given a gun, taught its dangers, trained in its accurate use, is not the boy who will run amuck. A child who is given a pet and taught to care for it is not the child who will develop a streak of cruelty. Books should be chosen with judgment and common sense, but if you are to eliminate all stories which deal with robberies we should have to blue-pencil the story of the good Samaritan. It is strange that any one needs to be told that, if a child is brought forward step by step to an understanding of life, the bitter disillusionment and moral

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POLICE HOLDING BACK CROWD DURING THE ATTACK ON THE UNION CLUB IN NEW YORK CITY. NOTE THE AMERICAN AND SINN FEIN FLAGS CARRIED BY IRISH SYMPATHIZERS

disaster which sometimes follow the sugar-coated pill method of education will have little chance to supervene.

THE GREEN HYPHEN

THE news from England of the burning of the Liverpool docks by Sinn Fein sympathizers, of the murders of policemen and Government officers in Ireland, and of the tragic reprisals which have followed, has found a disconcerting echo on our own shores. Supported by the Hearst papers, encouraged by professional propagandists, Irish sentiment in the United States has manifested itself in an emphatically un-American way.

Prior to America's entrance into the war some of our German-American citizens incurred public condemnation by putting the interests of their fatherland above the interests of their adopted country. We called them hyphenated Americans. This same opprobrious epithet deservedly belongs to Irish-Americans who are to-day quite as disregardful of the interests of America as any of those half-citizens who applauded the sinking of the Lusitania.

Two weeks ago The Outlook told briefly the story of an assault upon a New York theater by Sinn Fein fanatics who objected to the British flag in the decorations displayed for Armistice week. On Thanksgiving Day certain other Irish-Americans, coming out of St. Patrick's Cathedral, where a mass had been celebrated for the repose of the soul of Terence MacSwiney, discovered the British flag flying with the flags of America and France from the second-story windows of the Union Club. Disregarding the appeal of venerable Monsignor Lavelle, the Sinn Feiners attempted to battle their way into the Union Club and destroy the British flag. A pitched battle followed between the members of the club and the mob, which was at last driven off by the police after the mob had riddled windows of the club with bricks and stones and several people had been injured.

When we remember that just a short while ago the funeral of MacSwiney was permitted to traverse the streets of London, guarded and protected by the English police, and that the marchers in this funeral were even permitted to carry the banners of the so-called Irish Republic, the intolerance and fanaticism of our Irish-Americans is made doubly obvious.

Irish-Americans are seeking to embroil America and Great Britain. It is no new effort that they are making, but the continuation of a policy which goes back for decades in the history of Anglo-American relationship. Regarding these Irish-Americans as Irishmen, and not as Americans, it can be said that they are doing more to hurt their cause in this country than they know. America has shown a generous interest in Irish problems, and has felt a whole-hearted hope that a solution might ultimately be found for the historic unhappiness of Ireland. But whatever of sympathy remains is being rapidly alienated by the conduct of Irish sympthizers within our own gates. They are in danger of the same public reaction which the extravagant sympathizers with Citizen Genet met when, during Washington's Administration, he violated the hospitality of America on behalf of a foreign Power.

WHO WERE THE PILGRIM FATHERS?

1620–1920

ON December 20, 1620, a ship-load of one hundred and two immigrants from England landed on the shore of Cape Cod, one group among hundreds of adventurers who were in that decade landing on the American coast, one group among millions of immigrants who since that time have crossed the sea seeking on this continent to better their fortunes for themselves and their descendants.

The entire Anglo-Saxon people are celebrating this fall the landing of this particular group of immigrants three centuries after it occurred. Why? Who were the Pilgrim Fathers?

From the fourth century, when the Roman Empire under Constantine made Christianity the religion of the state, to the close of the sixteenth century, the Church as established by law demanded uniformity in belief, in worship, and in ecclesiastical organization. Any violation of this uniformity the governments under the control of the Roman Catholic Church punished as the most heinous of crimes. The Protestant Reformation weakened but did not destroy their assumption that all loyal citizens must think the same thoughts and employ the same ritual in religion, but that assumption passed over into the Lutheran Church in Germany and the Established Church in England. Henry VIII, when he broke away from Rome, had no idea of introducing liberty into his Kingdom; and Queen Elizabeth was equally resolute in her endeavor to prevent nonconformity whether by Protestants or Roman Catholics. The Puritans, while in a minority, appeared to repudiate this doctrine of religious uniformity. Lord Rosebery, himself a Churchman, delivering the address at the setting up of the statue of Oliver Cromwell in London, defined the distinctive characteristic of the great Puritan leader in the following terms: "He [Oliver Cromwell] was a practical mystic, the most formidable and terrible of all combinations; the man who combined the inspiration, apparently derived, and in my judgment really derived, from close communion with the supernatural and the celestial—the man who has that inspiration associated with the energy of a mighty man of action—such a man as that lives in communion with a Sinai of his own, and he appears to come down to this world below

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armed with no less than the terror and the decrees of the Almighty himself." Edward Dowden in one of his essays puts this fundamental characteristic of the Puritans even more clearly. He says: "To discover the dominant idea of Puritanism we must look beyond dogma to something common to every phase of the great contention. And undoubtedly the unvarying central element was this, that the relation between the invisible spirit of man and the invisible spirit of God was immediate rather than mediate."

If the spirit of the Puritans had been as catholic as their philosophy, when they got the control of government they would not have forbidden the Episcopalians to use their liturgy and their sacraments in public worship. This, however, they did, with what result Sir John Evelyn's diary affords some pathetic illustrations. One quotation must here suffice:

> 3 Dec. (1654). *Advent Sunday.* There being no office at the church, but extemporie prayers after the Presbyterian way, for now all formes were prohibited, and most of the preachers were usurpers, I seldome went to Church upon solemn feasts, but either went to London, where some of the orthodox sequestred Divines did privately use the Common Prayer, administer sacraments, etc. or else I procur'd one to officiate in my house; wherefore, on the 10th, Dr. Richard Owen, the sequester'd minister of Eltham, preach'd to my family in my library, and gave us the holy communion.

It was at this time that a sect arose in England destined to exert a profound influence on the future history of a great continent, but in its birth without numbers, wealth, or social influence. Its insignificance preserved it from serious persecution. Its courage commended it as a useful partner to certain capitalists in London who were ready to risk their money but not themselves in a trading venture to the New World. A bargain was struck between the courageous adventurers and the cautious capitalists; the Mayflower was purchased, or chartered, and equipped, and the Brownists, so somewhat contemptuously named for one of their leaders, became "the Pilgrims." So far as I know, they were the first organized band of Christian believers who denied that uniformity either of belief, worship, church order, or religious activity was desirable. They believed in liberty because they believed that, to quote Lord Rosebery, inspiration derived from close communion with the supernatural and the celestial is possible to every man; that no bishop or archbishop, priest or minister, saint or angel, terrestrial or celestial, is necessary to bring the love and power of God into the heart of his child. Their motto might well have been, "The kingdom of heaven is within you;" their faith might well have found full expression in the phrase, "*Every one* that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened."

They believed in the Church, but not in a hierarchy. They believed that the grace of God is like the sun which shines on the evil and the good, and like the rain which is sent to the just and to the unjust. They believed that sacraments and liturgies, confessions and absolutions, priests and ministers, are not necessary to attain this communion.

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock; if *any man* hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me," they regarded as addressed to the man of toil as to the scholar, to the sinner in the street as to the saint in the cloister.

They were not heretics. In general they believed the theology expressed in the Apostles' and the Nicene Creeds. But they objected to any creed borrowed from the past and imposed upon the present. Ordinarily their churches had no creed. Each applicant for admission stated his faith in his own phraseology, and the church, after hearing him, decided whether he was sufficiently in accord with the Church to be desirable as a member. This would not give uniformity of belief. But they did not desire uniformity of belief. Like Paul, they knew only in fragments and prophesied only in fragments. They were bound together not by agreement in opinion but by agreement in the spirit and purpose of their common life.

They believed in the Church; but they believed that the secret of its power was not in traditions inherited from the past, but in a supernatural power dwelling in the Church in the present. The power of a single child of God they thought transcended definition; how much more the combined power of a group of God's children strengthened and guided by his spirit to do his work! "This we hold and affirm," said their Pastor Robinson, "that a company consisting though but of two or three, separated from the world . . . and gathered into the name of Christ by a covenant made to walk in all the ways of God known unto them, is a Church, and so hath the whole power of Christ."

They retained both baptism and the Lord's Supper, but both as symbols. The first was an ancient form of consecration; the second, an ancient form of fellowship. They believed in a real presence, not in the bread and wine but in the hearts of those who partook of the bread and wine; they regarded the Supper as a delightful memorial of their Master's love and gave it the homely name of communion; and for an altar signifying a priestly sacrifice they substituted a communion table. If they had lived in our time, they would not have objected to General Booth's dropping both sacraments from the Salvation Army when he found them not promoting but hindering his rescue work. Nor would they have objected to his adoption of a militant form of organization for the militant work which he had undertaken.

They regarded the Bible not as *the* Word of God, but as *a* word of God, one of the many words of One who was always present and always speaking with his children. In some of their churches they would not allow the Bible a permanent place in the pulpit, lest the worship of a book should take the place of reverence for a living Person.

They believed in civil government. But they did not believe that just governments derive their powers from the consent of the governed. They derive their powers from God. No laws were good laws but those which were the embodiment of his will. Only by his permission did kings rule. And any government which was not purposed to be in accordance with his will was an unjust government. Before they sailed from England they drew up—though they did not sign it till they reached these shores—what is, I believe, the first Constitution of a free commonwealth ever framed in human history. Its brevity might well commend it to constitution-makers in our own time. It is, the reader will observe, a covenant not merely of the Pilgrims with one another, but also with their God. In this respect it resembles the Constitution of the Hebrew Commonwealth. It was as follows:

> In the name of God, Amen. We, whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dread Sovereign Lord King James, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland King, Defender of the Faith, etc.
>
> Having undertaken for the glory of God, and advancement of the Christian faith, and honour of our King and country a Voyage to plant the first Colony in the northern parts of Virginia do, by these presents, solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God and one of another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a Civil

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Body Politic for our better ordering and preservation, and furtherance of the ends aforesaid, and by virtue hereof to enact, constitute, and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions, offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the Colony, unto which we promise all due submission and obedience.

In witness whereof, we have hereunder subscribed our names. Cape Cod, 11th of November, in the year of the reign of our Sovereign Lord King James, of England, France, and Ireland, 18 and of Scotland 54. Anno Domini 1620.

With their landing at Plymouth this imperfect sketch of the Pilgrims must come to a close. It is sufficient to indicate that they paid a great price to escape from that uniformity in creed, ritual, and ecclesiastical organization which some of their descendants in our time seem eager to re-establish. The object of this article is not to eulogize, criticise, or defend the Pilgrim Fathers, but only to define and interpret their fundamental principles, leaving the reader to exercise his own judgment upon these principles and upon their possible application to some of the religious and political problems of our time.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

THREE CENTURIES AGO

I—EDWARD DOTY, PILGRIM FATHER

BY P. G. PERRIN

A chosen race of pious Grundys,
They thanked their God on Sundays
When providential chills and fevers
Erased the Redskin unbelievers.
Remorseless Greek and Hebrew scholars,
They wore uncompromising collars
And gloomy headgear, cloaks, and breeches.

—*Arthur Guiterman in "Life."*

TO-DAY, three hundred years after the landing of the Mayflower at Plymouth, we think of a Pilgrim Father of 1620 as a slightly stooped old fellow with a hatchet face, dressed in short coat and breeches of dull brown homespun, worsted hose, and square-toed shoes with big silver buckles. His straight black hair drops almost to his shoulders. His distrustful eyes looking out from under the drooping brim of the high beaver hat make us conscious of all the bad things we have ever done.

We suppose that the Pilgrim Fathers never laughed, and that not only did they keep within the strait and narrow path, they did not even wish to get out of it.

But among this group of pious ancestors there were a few who would not be Pilgrimized. In spite of the rules and regulations prohibiting almost everything which we think pleasant, they managed to preserve their individuality and to find some excitement in life.

Take, for instance, Edward Dotey, Doty, Dote, Doughty, Dowty, Dowtey, or Doten—a man could spell his name as many ways as he pleased then. Edward Doty may have worn a wide white collar on Sunday. His hair may have been combed in straight lines to his shoulders. But if it was, it must have been rumpled pretty frequently, for Doty treated lightly "the peece of our soveraign Lord the King."

As is the case with some of us to-day, Doty's life story is told chiefly in the court records. We do not find that he was ever drunk, as some of his neighbors were, or that he violated any of the many petty regulations of personal conduct the magistrates laid down. He had two principal weaknesses: one was a reluctance to pay his debts and the other was a fondness for punching his fellow Pilgrim Fathers' noses.

Doty was born in London in 1599. He came over on the Mayflower, as a proper ancestor should have done. He is listed in the passengers as a servant in the family of Stephen Hopkins, but he must soon have bought his freedom or worked out his term of years, for soon he is a landowner and trader.

He was the fortieth man to sign the Mayflower Compact, which the little band drew up while they were in Provincetown Harbor to provide for some sort of law and order among them. He took part in the first battle with the Indians, December 8, 1620, while the settlers were feeling their way along Cape Cod to the permanent settlement at Plymouth. Twenty Englishmen put to flight about thirty savages. They had been on this side of the Atlantic only about two weeks, but had in that short time acquired the American habit of souvenir hunting, for they picked up the arrows that had been fired at them and sent them "into England."

In these historic "firsts" Doty was one among a number, but he has one claim to fame which is almost his own. He has the honor of being one of the principals in the first duel fought in America, with Edward Leicester, June 18, 1621. We should like to know what that duel was about, whether it was over a drinking debt, or over some finer point of honor, or for the hand of some blue-eyed Priscilla. At any rate, he fought a duel among that group of Pilgrim Fathers.

The records say that he redeemed himself in the eyes of his fellow-citizens by "changing from youthful folly;" but, though we find him after a dozen years well established, a landholder in the colony, he still shows the old impetuosity. Money matters trouble him throughout his career. When some one isn't suing him for debt, he is suing some one else. January 3, 1633, the Court ordered him to settle with William Bennett, who claimed that he had not paid the three pounds of beaver agreed upon for a flitch of bacon. At the same time Doty sued another man for payment for a bill of lumber.

At the April first session of the court this same William Bennett sued Doty for slander, alleging that he had called him *rogue*—perhaps while they were settling the beaver-bacon deal. He was fined fifty shillings, thirty to go to the King and twenty to the injured Bennett.

Doty was not by any means always found guilty. His neighbors seem to have found him a handy person upon whom to hang suspicion. When John Washburne accused him of taking a hog "wrongfully," the "jewry" acquitted him.

About a year later he was in court again, with Josias Cooke, charged with "breaking the peace of our soveraign L. the K." They were each fined six shillings eightpence, and because Edward had given Josias a bloody nose, he had to pay three shillings fourpence additional "for the same."

January 6, 1635, Doty married Fayth Clark, who was twenty years younger than he, and who outlived him twenty years, marrying again. But though he was now a man of some property—in 1634 he had paid three shillings more tax than John Alden—and a married man besides, he did not turn over a new leaf.

He must have been what New Englanders to-day would call a "good trader," a little "sharp," for people seem to have been reluctant to pay him until ordered by the Court. We know that he was rather more than thrifty in managing his affairs, for a man apprenticed to him for ten years complained that he was not receiving all the clothes that his contract called for. The Court cut his term of service five years. But Doty prospered, made many land deals, and now went on bail for other people in addition to providing his own security on occasion.

The whole business of the court session of February 1, 1642, was devoted to three cases of Doty's. The court, which was legislature, court, and coun-

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cil combined, included the most prominent men of the colony: Governor Bradford presided, and Edward Winslow, Thomas Prince, and Captain Miles Standish were present. In the first case Doty was directed to pay John Jenney the balance of three pounds due; in the second, one of his debtors, George Clarke, was directed to pay; and, finally, Doty was warned, upon a neighbor's complaint, that since he did not hire a man to herd his cattle and did not keep them fenced in, he would be liable for damages to other men's corn or cattle. A little later he had to pay Edward Grey and Samuel Cutbert each a bushel of corn for damages done to their gardens by his calves.

In 1647, when Doty was nearly fifty years old, his neighbor, Samuel Cutbert, complained that he had taken wood from his land, and he was fined seven shillings and costs.

So this doughty Pilgrim Father continued to drive hard bargains in Plymouth and Yarmouth, paying and collecting at the point of the law, and making free use of his fists when his feelings required. He died August 23, 1655, fifty-six years old, leaving his widow and seven children—William, Faith, Edward, John, Isaac, Desire, Thomas, and Joseph—to carry on the tradition of their Pilgrim Father.

And they did not entirely fail him, for perhaps we see some of Doty's militant traits in the Revolutionary activities of one of his great-grandsons, the patriot James Otis.

II—PURITANS GOING TO CHURCH

BY A. W. ABRAMS

From the painting by Boughton

THE painting by George H. Boughton representing a small company of early New England settlers marching through the snow to church led by their minister and accompanied by men in arms is familiar to all. The title of the painting is commonly but erroneously given as "The Pilgrims Going to Church." The picture has already been republished a number of times during the current year on account of the observance of the tercentennial of the landing of the Pilgrims, and will probably appear again many times before the last exercises are over. In the interests of historical accuracy and a more critical attitude toward pictorial expression, the following statements are offered.

The correct title of the painting, which is the property of the New York Public Library, is "Puritans Going to Church." There is a clear distinction between Puritans and Pilgrims. The former were members of the established Church of England who maintained their allegiance to that Church, but sought to purify it as to certain of its forms and practices. The latter were Separatists who left the Church, went to Holland, where there was religious toleration, and finally migrated to America, where they made a settlement at Plymouth—1620. A few years later Puritans began coming to what is now Massachusetts, and this sect became widely distributed through New England. Obviously there is only one body of Pilgrims, the 102 persons who came over on the Mayflower.

When the Boughton painting was first exhibited at the Royal Academy, England, in 1867, it bore the following title: "Early Puritans of New England Going to Worship, Armed to Protect Themselves from Indians and Wild Beasts." The paper label on the back of the picture bears the same description, and seems to have been written about the same time, possibly by Boughton himself.

In examining the picture for its historical significance, the interpreter should have in mind that the Plymouth settlement was small and not widely scattered, that the church the Pilgrims attended was within the village, and that the minister would hardly have gone out to conduct to service such persons as may have built cabins at a distance from Plymouth. Further, it must be borne in mind that the Indians around Plymouth received the Pilgrims in a kindly manner and continued to be friendly for a long time.

On the other hand, fifty years after the settlement of Plymouth small groups of Puritans had moved inland and come into contact with the Indians there, who by this time began to look with disfavor upon the coming of persons who seemed likely to dispossess them of their hunting grounds. These persons were in constant danger, and had to be on their guard at all times. The scene of this painting fits very exactly the period of King Philip's War; it does not express characteristic aspects of the Pilgrims' settlement.

The use thus made of this picture is a fair illustration of the loose way in which pictorial expression is commonly employed, and the fact that in the examination of such expression the same standards of truthfulness, authenticity, and significance are not applied as are exacted for verbal expression.

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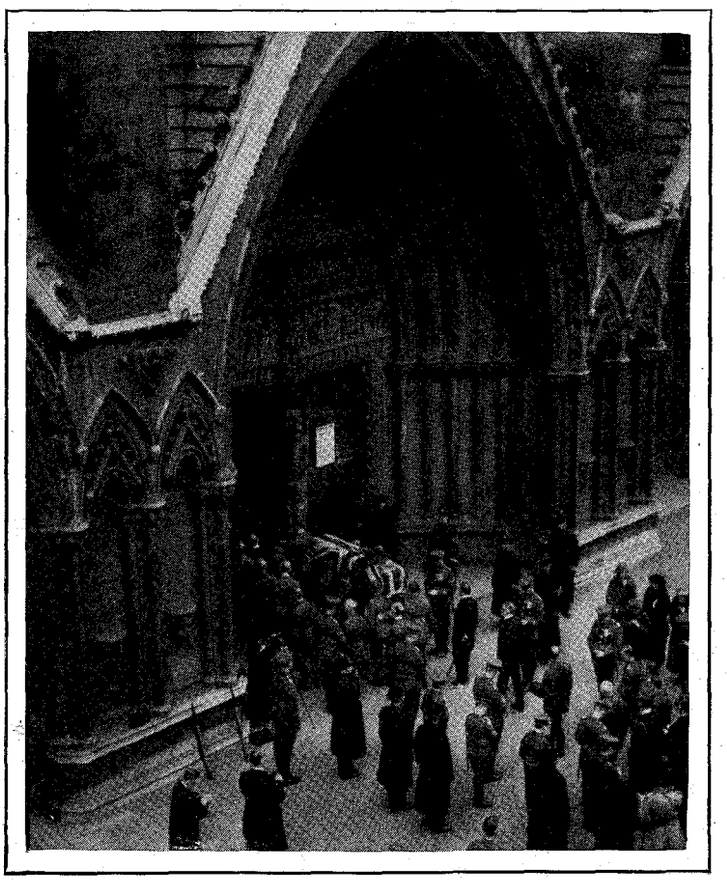

Wide World Photos

FUNERAL OF THE "UNKNOWN WARRIOR" IN ENGLAND—CARRYING THE COFFIN INTO WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Armistice Day was signalized in both England and France by ceremonies in honor of the nameless heroes who gave their lives for the cause of liberty and whose bodies remained unidentified on the field of battle. These pictures show incidents of the impressive services

(C) Keystone View Co.

CARRYING THE BODY OF THE "UNKNOWN WARRIOR" AND THE HEART OF GAMBETTA TO THEIR FINAL RESTING-PLACES IN PARIS

In the foreground is the catafalque containing the heart of Gambetta; at the right is the cannon on which was borne the unidentified hero who symbolized the unobtrusive but devoted patriotism of the French

TRIBUTES TO THE UNIDENTIFIED HEROES OF THE GREAT WAR

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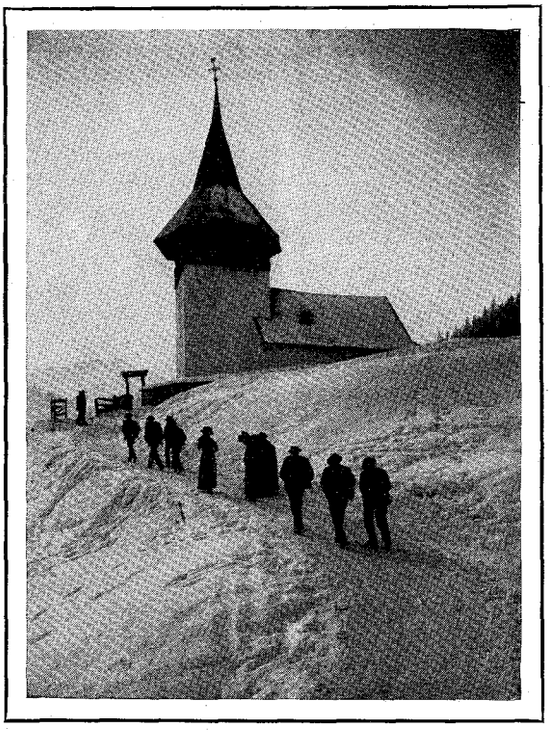
A BOB-SLEIGH RUN NEAR MONTREUX

Winter sports are again attracting crowds of visitors to Switzerland. The scene depicted is at a curve called the "Jaman corner;" above it towers the Dent de Jaman in the background



ON THEIR WAY TO CHURCH

Snow has no terrors for the church-going Swiss peasants. They plod steadfastly up the hills to the nearest place of worship—the one shown being in the neighborhood of Davos

A SKI-ING PARTY RESTING ON A MOUNTAIN SLOPE

Bright, sunny weather prompts a climb, even in winter, in the Alps. It looks as though these climbers were about to start a long "slide for home"

WINTER SCENES IN SWITZERLAND

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COLIN CLOUT'S COME HOME AGAIN

BY EDWARD DAVISON

Colin Clout's come home again,
Loping up the rutted lane,
Past the farmhouse and the pool,
Smiling at the village fool,
Past the thatched and yarded stack
With his bundle on his back.
Little girls in gingham frocks
Played around the pillar-box.
Colin spoke to them and passed,
For he's come back home at last.

Nancy, now that Colin's here,
Take the jug and get some beer,
Then put on your pinafore,
Heat the oven, shut the door,
Take your biggest apples down,
Bake the dumplings crisp and brown.
Colin kissed you when he came,
Called you by your pretty name,
And he gave you a new shawl.
Colin hasn't changed at all!

Wind the clock up, make a stir,
Busier be and busier
Till his supper's done, and then
Just you kiss him back again!
Say it's time to go to bed,
Wrap your apron round your head,
Scramble up your cottage stairs,
Turn the lamp out, say your prayers;
Tell God that the best of men,
Colin Clout's come home again!

St. John's College, Cambridge, England.

AN ALLIANCE FOR PROSPERITY

THE GOVERNMENT, THE CITY, AND THE COUNTRY

FARMERS FEAR AN INSIDIOUS PROPAGANDA — CITY FOLK ARE THE LAST TO BE FED AND THE FIRST TO STARVE — SPECULATORS THRIVE ON AN UNINFORMED PUBLIC — THE MANUFACTURER IS DEPENDENT UPON THE FARMER'S PROSPERITY — YOUNG AMERICANS DISCOVER NEW EARNING POWER — WHAT AN AGRICULTURAL AND INDUSTRIAL LEAGUE IS ACCOMPLISHING — A CHINESE PHILOSOPHER SUMS IT UP

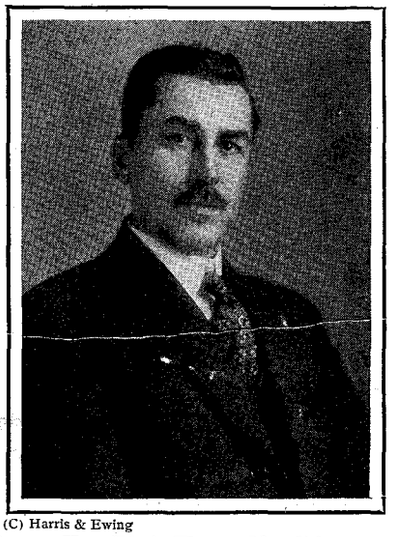
Traveling several hundred miles by train, by motor, and afoot, Mr. Gathany gathered, at the request of The Outlook, information from practical men in reply to his main question: "What is the matter with the Eastern farmer?" What he reports here, as in his three previous articles, is not his own opinions but the opinions of those whom he interviewed. He is serving as the Eastern farmer's spokesman.

BY J. MADISON GATHANY

"THERE are certain financial interests and speculators in this country who are doing their darnedest to put agriculture on the bum," said a farmer to me. "The enemies of American agriculture, and therefore the enemies of our entire population, are attempting to smash the Federal Farm Loan System, established in 1917. Ever since then it has been under the fire of the American Farm Mortgage Bankers' Association. These men intend to destroy it if they can."

These remarks were made so vigorously and sincerely that I asked for further information.

"What is this Farm Loan System, and how does it operate?" I asked. "Why is this banking association against the Farm Loan System, and what would be the result if the American Farm Mortgage Bankers' Association should win? You understand, do you not," I said, "that you have made a very serious charge against bankers, and that I am to report what you say in one of America's most influential journals?"



(C) Harris & Ewing

Hon. Edwin Thomas Meredith

"THE SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE HAS MADE PUBLIC THAT CERTAIN LARGE FOOD SPECULATORS HAVE ATTEMPTED TO SUPPRESS THE GOVERNMENT CROP REPORTS"

"I understand perfectly," replied the other, "and what I have to say will bear rigid inspection. I am not accusing all American bankers of being in a plot to down the Federal Farm Loan System. Many of them are loaning liberally to farmers, particularly where farmers are organized. But certainly the American Farm Mortgage Bankers' Association is a deadly opponent of the Federal method of loaning money to farmers.

"The reason is simple enough. Since March, 1917, the Government has been loaning money to farmers at five per cent interest, with a one per cent amortization charge. This enables farmers to pay off loans in about thirty-five years. Back of this Federal plan lies the idea of building up the farm credit of the country with loaning organizations ultimately owned by the farmers themselves, but operated always under such Government supervision — as to guarantee the soundness of their operations and securities. It is not intended that it shall be Government money that is to be loaned to the farmers,

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despite the fact that the Central Government subscribed about $9,000,000 of capital stock to initiate the system. This subscription is being paid back to the Government already. The Federal Land Bank of Spokane as early as April, 1919, distributed dividends amounting to $60,000. The Federal Land Bank of Houston declared a dividend in October, 1918.

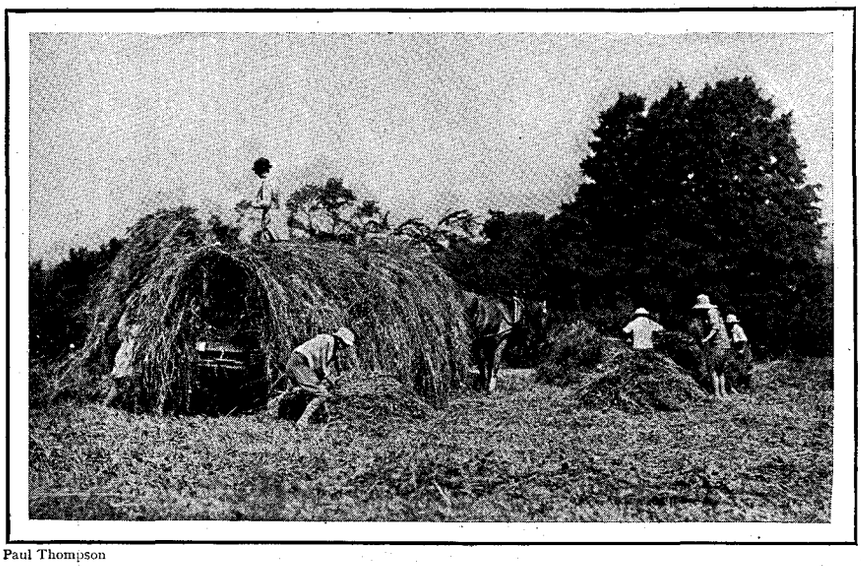
"Only one per cent spread is permitted between the bank loan rate and the bond rate. There is already ample proof that the Federal Farm Loan system is a financial success, and can be made self-supporting on less than a one per cent margin. The money loaned to the farmers comes from the sale of bonds, exempt from all kinds of taxation.

"Now, in order that private companies might not be put out of business by Federal competition, the Federal Farm Loan Act provided for a system of joint-stock land banks into which the old mortgage companies might enter. But if the private companies came into the Federal system, they were not allowed to charge the farmers more than the Federal rate of interest, and have to submit to the regulation of the Federal Farm Loan Board.

"Most of the private farm mortgage companies, I believe, have stayed out of the Federal System, and are conducting an insidious propaganda to ruin it. They are operating in many of our States, and charge farmers as high as eight and ten per cent interest. They consider that the Federal Government is a meddler in their lucrative business. You see, the Federal system operates upon a fixed basis of income, and rules that any excess of income over expenses and a fixed reserve must go back to the *borrowers* in the form of dividends. Of course it is natural to consider the Government your financial enemy if you find it difficult to loan money at a high interest rate in competition with low-interest long-time Federal loans to your patrons.

ATTACKS FARM LOAN ACT

"The Federal Government is no longer considering the thousands of *new* applications from farmers for loans that are pouring into Washington. Why? The Farm Mortgage Bankers' Association is responsible for a suit now pending in the Supreme Court to test the constitutionality of that provision of the Federal Farm Loan Act which exempts the Federal Farm Loan and the joint-stock land bank bonds from taxation. Until the Court has handed down its decision no further loans will be made, although more than one hundred and thirty thousand farmers in the last three years have already been helped financially to the extent of more than $500,000,000 by the Federal land banks and the various joint-stock land banks.



Paul Thompson

"FARMS HAVE A KNACK OF DEMANDING THAT THEY BE OPERATED BY HUMAN BEINGS"

"As a result of this suit interest rates have already been raised by private money-lenders and banks from one to four per cent on loans to farmers.

"If the Farm Mortgage Bankers' Association should win this suit, *consumers* would be the worst sufferers. The farmer is the first to be fed and the last to starve; the consumer is the last to be fed and the first to starve. It would further discourage an already discouraged class of basic workers, and mean a serious setback to the ownership of farms by farmers, particularly young farmers. If this suit should go against the farmer, it would mean a serious decrease in food production, which would mean higher cost of food products to the consumer. Or it might mean that the higher rate of interest which the farmers would be compelled to pay would result in increased cost of raising farm products. In any case, a decision adverse to the farmer will come home hard to the consumer. The country and the city are inseparably linked together," concluded my informant.

I asked a number of farmers if the Federal Farm Loan Act, with its tax-exemption clause, was not a piece of class legislation. I do not know how sound the opinion of these farmers is, but this is what they think: "Class legislation! We know that some bankers and other money-lenders regard it as such. They are much wrought up about the $500,000,000 Farm Loan bonds representing class legislation. But how much are these same persons wrought up about the more than $4,000,000,000 of municipal bonds that are exempt from Federal taxation being class legislation? Or the more than $1,750,000,000 worth of mortgages held by mutual building and loan associations that are exempt from taxation? Or the more than $2,000,000,000 worth of mutual savings banks mortgages that are exempted? Or the stock in the Federal Reserve Banks and the income therefrom that are exempt from all taxation? Where the money-grabbers have one chance to secure a farm bond free from taxation they have twenty or more chances to secure municipal and other bonds free from taxation. Then how about Government aid furnished in the form of a protective tariff for manufacturers and their employees since the days of Alexander Hamilton? Isn't it about time agriculture was given as much consideration as other business?"

ATTEMPT TO SUPPRESS CROP REPORT

No less an authority than the Secretary of Agriculture has recently made public that certain food interests, particularly the large food speculators, have at times attempted the suppression of the crop reports. What difference would it make to the consuming public if these reports were suppressed? The Secretary holds, in substance, that speculation in food products depends and thrives upon lack of information, uncertainty, and confusion on the part of farmers and the public. Were it not for the crop reports, the public would be at the mercy of the speculators, who would be free to issue any sort of misleading reports designed to influence prices. Congress has played right into the hands of the food speculators by refusing to appropriate sufficient funds to make the Federal crop reporting service more useful.

The Secretary of Agriculture complains that the last Congress failed by about $6,000,000 to appropriate the money necessary to carry on fifty essential activities of the Department. This has proved harmful both to our domestic needs and to our export trade. Lack of funds has seriously handicapped the eradication of hog cholera and foot-and-mouth disease. It has interfered with co-operative cow testing. It has checked the prevention of cereal diseases and the enforcement of the Federal Pure Food and Drugs Act. The sweet-potato weevil gets a new lease on

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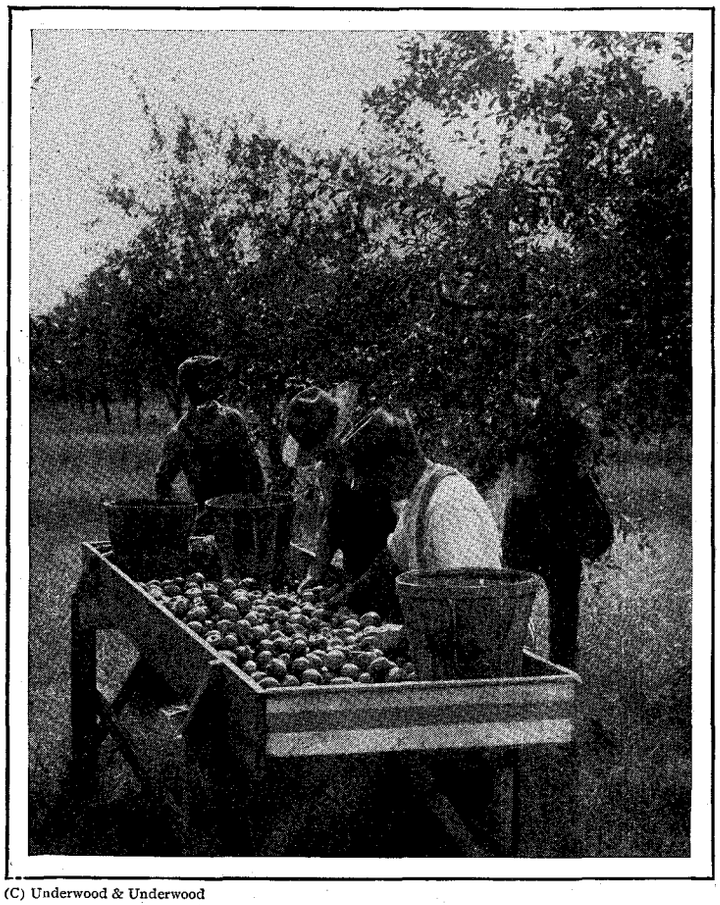

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A FEW YEARS AGO IT HARDLY PAID THE FARMERS TO PICK THEIR APPLES. TO-DAY THEIR CO-OPERATIVE APPLE BY-PRODUCTS PLANT INSURES GOOD PROFITS THROUGH THE MANUFACTURE OF APPLE JUICE, APPLE BUTTER, VINEGAR, AND JELLIES

life. Tropical and sub-tropical plant insects are again enabled to flourish in California, Florida, and other Gulf States. One wonders why there are not more farmers and fewer lawyers in Congress.

"America is over-industrialized," complains one farmer. "Factories are turning out luxuries, frills, and non-essentials. Our wealth must be replenished—we need more capital rather than more credit. We need more bumper crops. The Government should make it easier for industrious people to own farms. The Federal Farm Loan System cannot because it is limited to loaning to those who already own land and can offer security amounting to at least forty per cent of the loan. Through Federal, State, and local co-operation a loaning system might be modeled after building and loan associations."

One Maine farmer wants it made a crime punishable by imprisonment to speculate in farm products; he adds that marketing can never become satisfactory until we have a Government standard in grades. Another demands clarification and amendment of the anti-trust laws.

Here are six planks which the farmers of America asked the Republican and Democratic parties to put into their platforms:

1. We recognize agriculture as the fundamental industry, and we pledge ourselves to give it practical and adequate representation in the Cabinet and in the appointment of Governmental officials, and of commissions on a bi-partisan basis.

2. We pledge to all farmers the full, free, and unquestioned right of co-operative maketing of their farm products and purchase of their supplies and protection against discrimination.

3. We pledge effective National control over the packers and all other great inter-State combinations of capital engaged for profit in the manufacturing, transportation, and distribution of food and other farm products and farm supplies.

4. We pledge legislation that will effectively check and reduce the growth and evils of farm tenancy. We pledge the perpetuation and strengthening of the Federal Farm Loan System, the improvement of facilities for loans on farm commodities, and the inauguration of a system for co-operative personal credit that will enable farmers to secure short-time credit on more favorable terms.

5. We pledge comprehensive studies of farm-production costs, at home and abroad, and the uncensored publication of facts found in such studies.

6. We pledge ourselves to accord agriculture the same consideration in tariff legislation as is accorded to other interests.

An agricultural economist from Pennsylvania declares that the hope of America lies in the harmonious development of her resources instead of special privileges for certain other industries at the expense of agriculture. In Springfield, Massachusetts, the agricultural center of the North Atlantic States, the policy advocated is being worked out by the Hampden County Improvement League and the Eastern States Agricultural and Industrial League. Their effort is to bring about a better understanding between country and city, to rebuild the dying agricultural life, to promote general business prosperity. To the League belong leading manufacturers, merchants, bankers, and farmers. All are conscious of the interdependence of manufacturing, banking, and farming.

"More agricultural products are consumed here in the East than are produced here," a large manufacturer of Springfield tells me. "The cost of food and of manufacturing is constantly increasing as the population increases. In finance and manufacturing the West is the competitor of the East. But the East imports the greater part of its foodstuffs as well as most of its raw materials for manufacturing, while the West, in addition to raising most of its own foodstuffs, exports great quantities of them. The West also has most of its raw manufacturing materials nearer at hand than the East."

The Eastern manufacturer, as a result, has to pay his employees higher wages and has to pay more for his raw materials. When he goes into the market with his goods in competition with the Western manufacturer, this double differential is greatly to the Easterner's disadvantage. Abundant crops raised in the East would help offset this disadvantage and would mean greater social contentment on the part of employees through reduction of their cost of living. New England manufacturers cannot continue much longer to increase wages more rapidly than their Western competitors. Driven by these conditions, some New England industries have moved West and some South, but either an extensive exodus of industries from New England or a lowering of standards of living of New England wage-earners would be fatal to New England. Manufacturers and bankers have begun to comprehend that their prosperity is fundamentally dependent upon that of the farmer.

ONE LEAGUE THAT WORKS

Hampden County, Massachusetts, has not been the same since the League got under way. The League has shown farmers how they can increase their potato crops from twenty-five per cent to seventy-eight per cent. The county to-day produces about two hundred per cent more and better fruit than in 1913. Rotation of crops has been applied to idle lands. There has been a large increase in swine raising. Five years ago the county was rapidly abandoning

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dairy farming; to-day the League has imbued dairymen with new confidence. Production of eggs has increased. Carloads of sheep have been brought from the West. Balanced rations for animals, modern farm plants, drainage, and sanitation are now the rule. Co-operative buying and marketing have saved these farmers thousands of dollars, and have headed off the tendency toward too great an individualism among farmers. The Granville Apple By-Products Plant has recently been organized on co-operative lines, and will save the farmers thousands of bushels of apples heretofore almost given away or not even picked. The plant will manufacture apple juice, apple butter, vinegar, and jellies.

A farmers' co-operative market has been organized at Springfield to sell direct to the consumers only. The League has established through two loan associations a credit system which is patronized liberally by the farmers. It is striking at the solution of one of the biggest farm problems, that of labor. Farms have a knack of demanding that they be operated by human beings. A perfectly amazing system of boys' and girls' clubs has been established with a membership of nine thousand for the single county of Hampden. All of these young Americans are actively engaged under expert supervision in the care of chickens, pigs, calves, sheep, bees, and gardens. I was amazed at the zest, the eagerness, and the spirit of play these young people put into their new-found earning power. They are catching the farm spirit, and many of them are already laying plans to become owners of farms.

The Home-Making Department of the League lays great stress upon the relation of foods to health. In four years fifty groups of women have taken up this subject. The importance of milk as a food is widely taught and advertised. The League is fighting malnutrition, lack of teeth care, the housefly, and poor clothing habits. It introduces labor-saving devices, and teaches household accounting and budget-making. Each woman pledges herself to pass on to others what she herself learns. All these and other activities are carried on among the foreign-speaking populations as well.

This significant programme is for city people as well as for country folk. Teaching and practicing sound economics of production and distribution, making better and brighter homes, bringing city and country into better understanding and closer co-operation—such are the services of the Hampden County League.

The Eastern States Agricultural and Industrial League, Incorporated, now operating in the ten North Atlantic States, was organized about two years ago. It has thousands of members. They believe that farmers need prosperous industries and thriving customers, and that manufacturers, bankers, merchants, and urban consumers need prosperous farmers.

The League is accomplishing its purposes through six special means. The Eastern States Farmers' Exchange purchased at wholesale for farmers $1,725,518 worth of farm supplies. The Eastern States Consumers' Exchange buys at wholesale prices for scores of employees' co-operative stores; new stores are constantly being established, especially in manufacturing centers. The Farm Finance Bureau has established the Eastern States Agricultural Trust and has arranged credit among bankers and business men sufficient to finance $10,000,000 of farm business annually. The credit can be expanded to almost any amount as the business of the Farmers' Exchange increases; and this phase of the work of the League alone is a great factor in getting city and country to understand each other. The Home Bureau of the League operates along lines similar to those pursued in Hampden County.

The League is organizing rural and urban boys and girls into Junior Achievement Clubs. Although this effort is only a few months old, over one hundred thousand boys and girls already belong to the clubs, and more than $300,000 of the $500,000 asked for the work has been subscribed. In Springfield seventy leading business men have volunteered as leaders in this work. Its objects are to set a standard of achievement in work programmes; to make work popular through club projects under trained leadership; to develop a sportsmanlike attitude toward productive work; to capitalize industry, commerce, and agriculture for the benefit of boys and girls; to assist young people to earn money and own property; to acquire habits of thrift and be business-like. To attain independence at fifty is another aim.

Had I not seen with my own eyes, it would be rather difficult for me to believe what these clubs are achieving.

To the manufacturer it means more and better food supplies for his employees at lower cost efficiency. To the employee it means more purchasing power in his dollar, better living conditions, and greater efficiency. To the banker it means a steadily increasing field for his operations due to greater industrial and farming prosperity. To the merchant it means more sales and quicker payment of bills. To the farmer it means more economic production, more satisfactory marketing accommodations, greater prosperity, and better home and community life.

"The well-being of the people is like a tree—agriculture is its root; manufacture and commerce are its branches and life," wrote a Chinese philosopher. "If the root is injured, the leaves fall, the branches break, and the tree dies."

THE REMEDY

What should our future policy toward agriculture be? What programme of agricultural reconstruction do we need?

1. The vital relation of agriculture to National and personal well-being should be taught to the 25,000,000 or more people attending our schools.

2. The number of our agricultural schools should be greatly increased at once, and a truly National system of agricultural education effected.

3. Our rural school system needs to be overhauled and reorganized, and city-bred boys and girls should have the chance to learn farming.

4. All newspapers and magazines in the United States should keep their readers consistently informed as to the real problems of agriculture, and should make constructive criticisms.

5. The existing system of distributing food products from the country to the cities and towns, which has been organized without the slightest consideration of the farmers, should be reorganized in the interest of both producers and consumers. Our present system is costly, inefficient, wasteful, and unfair.

6. Some sound system of effecting ownership of farms by those who wish to own farms, but cannot on account of lack of capital, should be devised. In this system the capitalizing of approved character must be an essential part.

7. Farming must be so reorganized that it can pay wages and grant working conditions that will compare favorably with other industries.

8. Both National and State legislation should recognize and encourage collective bargaining among farmers.

9. The farmer must have actual and practical voice in government by appointment and election to public positions, and should be called into council when questions affecting commerce, trade, and transportation, both National and international, are being discussed and decided.

10. The Government should keep men in all foreign countries studying the methods and the tendencies of agriculture, and widespread notice should be given of the results of such studies.

11. Farmers and consumers should organize throughout our country for direct dealing with each other.

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A CLEAN SLATE

A STORY

BY ELSIE SINGMASTER

WHEN Simon Lee, the shoemaker, left Blue Hill Village on his strange quest, he seemed to steal away. It is a curious fact that you cannot get out of Blue Hill Village even in the daytime without seeming to steal away. When you walk down the only street, which twists exactly like the letter S, you are never visible from more than one house at a time. A branch which you have disturbed sweeps into place behind you, or an oak tree shadows you, or the corner of a log cabin conceals you. If you step out of the village in any direction, north or south or east or west, meaning to descend into the valley or to ascend the mountain, you are swallowed up, even in the narrow road, by a sea of verdure.

WHEN young John McIntyre and Benny Lucas marched away early one summer evening, there could be no formal procession, because there was no place in which to march. There was, however, an escort. Grandfather McIntyre walked first, tooting on an old fife, and then came the boys, each with a little bundle, and then the fathers and mothers and the few young girls and the children. They kept close together, and the group was so small that they never occupied at one time more than one limb of the letter S.

Not only did elderberry bushes and early shadows and corners of house walls hide their bodies, but a loud sound drowned out their voices and made their little celebration seem ridiculous. The sound was that produced by whippoorwills whooping above their heads. The whippoorwills seemed to mock them and jeer at them. It is to be regretfully recorded that Will Lucas, who could not go to war because he was lame, turned and put out his tongue in the direction of a particularly scornful bird.

Simon Lee, sitting in his little house, tapped and tapped and did not bestir himself. But Blue Hill Village knew that Simon Lee had given each boy twenty-five dollars, a princely gift, and that it was he who would look after Gran'pa McIntyre. What Blue Hill Village did not realize was that Simon, seeing a faint glow of amazement and disapproval in the breasts of Blue Hill Village in the summer of 1914, had watched it and sheltered it and put fuel delicately upon it, so that in this summer evening of 1917 it flamed to a consuming fire in the hearts of John and Benny and other Blue Hill Villagers. Simon had books and newspapers and knowledge of the outside world; he was Blue Hill Village's only Mercury.

He was also Blue Hill Village's only encyclopædia, and of him Benny and John made constant use.

"Do you think they had guns on the Lusitania, Simon?"

"No," thundered Simon. He was a little man, but his voice was the voice of a giant.

"Do you think we ought to go into it, Simon?"

"I think we ought to be in it," roared Simon.

About matters nearer home Simon knew everything. Thin and spare, he looked to be about sixty-five, but he was in reality seventy-three, and his memory went back to a time about which the lads now grew suddenly curious. Blue Hill Village had remained exactly as it was for fifty years, since war had maimed and molded it. It did not realize that the earth had more than once turned upon its axis. It held old traditions, it felt old griefs, old antagonisms, old divisions. In the minds of Blue Hill Village there was still a North and a South.

"IT'S a pity we had to fight the South," said John McIntyre. He sat on the edge of Simon's bench piercing a piece of leather with an awl.

Will Lucas answered from his perch on a shelf. Will always clambered about as though bent upon proving that lameness was nothing.

"They hadn't any business to cut up the way they did. They were rebels."

"There are Southern boys and Northern boys together in the camps," said John McIntyre. "Do you suppose there will be any trouble? It would be a shame if there were."

"Don't you give trouble!" cried Simon. "There are words must be forgotten, like 'Yank' and 'Reb.' They can be forgotten if you think of what you have to do now. You must be peacemakers if you can." Simon trembled. The proximity of boys from Maine and boys from Alabama was to his mind full of peril; the action of the Government in placing them together a tragic mistake.

"But we were right," said John McIntyre, earnestly.

Simon Lee rose from his old bench.

"As right as right," said he.

"They say there was folks in this State didn't think so," said Benny Lucas. "My pop says that. He says there was none of them round here, though. They were going to betray the North even though they were Northerners. 'Sons of Liberty,' they called themselves, and 'Knights of the Golden Circle.' But the Government found them and took their names, and made a record of them, thousands and thousands. I wouldn't like to have my name on that record."

Simon Lee began to put away his tools. He looked very pale; it seemed that the perfidy of Sons of Liberty was too much for him.

"God bless Abraham Lincoln!" said he, apropos of nothing at all.

WHEN the procession was over and John and Benny had been swallowed up and the whippoorwills seemed to grow hysterical in their mockery, and doors closed and shut out the cool evening air, Simon Lee laid down his hammer and put his shop in order for the night and took off his leather apron and went up the rough street. It was a starless night, and he made his way slowly to Grandfather McIntyre's door. There he lifted the latch and went in with an explanatory "It's me." Inside he locked the door and then sat down heavily in the unoccupied chair of the two which were all the little kitchen could accommodate.

Grandfather McIntyre looked up with tearful eyes. They had been boys together, but Simon Lee did not show his years, and Grandfather McIntyre, white-bearded and tremulous, looked much older than he was.

The cries of the whippoorwill penetrated here; they seemed to mock, before they were uttered, any thoughts or plans which were to be expressed.

"You seen 'em go?" said Gran'pa McIntyre at last. He spoke like the rest of Blue Hill Village in a *patois* which had in it now a Southern drawl and now a Yankee crispness.

Simon made no direct answer; he said, "God help me!" not profanely, but as though he were actually calling upon God, and covered his face with his hands.

"Don't, Simon!" protested Gran'pa McIntyre. He did not know the reason for his friend's depression, but he was always sympathetic.

Though he had only just come, Simon rose from his chair.

"You've got John," said he, bitterly. "I have nobody, and never will have nobody."

"It'll be made right in heaven, Simon."

"Heaven!" Simon Lee lifted his hands high above his head. "I don't care nothing for heaven."

Gran'pa McIntyre put out his hand to take a book at his elbow. It was bedtime, and emotion had tired him out. He knew that Simon did not mean what he said.

"You join with me in my Scripture reading?"

Simon did not care to hear the Scrip-

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tures read, but he stayed, not wishing to hurt Gran'pa McIntyre's feelings.

"I will read from Leviticus, the twenty-fifth chapter," announced Gran'pa McIntyre as though he were in church. He was Blue Hill Village's lay reader, and he believed that which he read.

"'And thou shalt number seven sabbaths of years unto thee, seven times seven years; and the space of the seven sabbaths of years shall be unto thee forty and nine years.

"'Then shalt thou cause the trumpet of the jubilee to sound on the tenth day of the seventh month, in the day of atonement shall ye make the trumpet sound throughout all your land.

"'And ye shall hallow the fiftieth year, and proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof; it shall be a jubilee unto you.'"

Gran'pa McIntyre went on and on. He was proud of his round voice and of his ability to read without stumbling over the hardest words. He did not know when Simon rose and slipped away. When he reached the end of the twenty-seventh chapter and found him gone, he was afraid that he had nodded and that Simon was offended.

But Simon was not offended. He was intensely preoccupied, and he walked down the dark, rough road uncertainly like a drunken man. His breath came thickly and painfully. Simon saw suddenly a light, pale and wavering, against a great darkness. Sometimes it grew brighter, then it faded away, then once more it brightened. It was Gran'pa McIntyre's reading which had created the illumination.

Inside his little house, he leaned against the door, which he had closed behind him. He passed his hand before his eyes as though to clear away some obscuring medium. Presently he burst into speech:

"A year of jubilee!" said Simon. "A year of jubilee!"

Suddenly he stretched out his arms as though reaching for some great boon. Beads of perspiration appeared upon his forehead, and his eyes stared as though he saw again a pale gleam of hope. Into his mind came disconnected words and phrases, and he repeated them aloud.

"A far country," said Simon, and then other words which sounded like "I will arise and go."

After a long time he began to move slowly about. He took from a shelf a dusty satchel, and wiped it with his stiff shoemaker's apron and put into it a few articles. Then he lay down upon his bed. The whippoorwills still shouted, as though they mocked his strange distress.

Not only the woods hid Simon, but darkness seemed to swallow him when he went away. He announced his going to no one; between the hour of his resolution and the hour of his departure his friends slept. It was not the first time he had gone away from Blue Hill Village, and this was his invariable manner of departure. He was so early that he seemed to wake the birds, and dawn was a pageant spread especially for him. The boles of the trees turned golden, the surface of the brown streams brightened. But, though he was not insensible to beauty, he was at this moment blind and dull. He walked on, his head bent. He longed for John McIntyre's Bible.

"They forgave everything and everything was wiped out in the year of jubilee," said he to himself. "That much I am certain of. Oh, I hope this may be wiped out for me!"

John McIntyre and Benny Lucas had walked eighteen miles to the county seat, where they were to take a train with other drafted boys, but Simon, being a rich man, walked only to the nearest village, and there hired a team. The boys would go West to a camp, but he was going east to Washington. He had never seen Washington, and it had to him all the beauty of a dimly imagined heaven and all the dangers of a forbidden city. "Government" had its seat there, and to Simon, who was familiar with "Les Misérables," Government was a sort of Javert, cold, unforgetting, implacable. Woe to him who by his own crimes wrote himself down on its black books!

Towns and cities sped by, the train climbed hills and tunneled mountains and crossed rivers. Simon slept through short, uneasy naps, finding himself with less courage at each waking. That which he hoped to find at the end of his journey was a miracle.

He was sufficiently well informed about war-time conditions to know that one does not walk into Washington and choose one's room. He was prepared to sleep in a park or on a seat in the railway station if it were necessary to stay over one night or two. A few hours of bodily discomfort would be a small price to pay for the cure of his soul's anguish.

But he was not prepared for the chaos which he found. He spoke on the first day with a hundred persons who could tell him nothing, young clerks who answered him vaguely and sent him to other young clerks, who answered him impatiently or who directed him to still other clerks in order to be rid of him. When some one asked him, savagely, "Can't you explain what you want?" he stumbled away. The clerk had touched the heart of his trouble. Without an explicit statement of his case they could not advise, and Simon could not tell his shame to these young ears.

At the end of the day he sat down in the railway station and closed his eyes. He did not even try to find a room; he was too weary now to attempt a useless quest. His little satchel on his knee prevented a reminder that the station was not a hotel.

When, after an hour or two, he woke, his mind was keener. Again the light of hope glimmered. He blamed himself for a foolish waste of time. He would not have needed to ask any questions. There was a library in which Government records were kept; there was the place to go. There he might even see for himself what was written against him. He turned his gray head to the other side and slept heavily.

At the end of the second day he rested his head once more on the hard back of a seat and was again for some reason left undisturbed. He had found the library and had walked about dazzled and confused.

"I will get acquainted," said he. "After a while I will know whom I must ask."

But he found no one. He sat down in the reading-room and there nodded. Kindly attendants let him be, seeing that he did no harm.

To-morrow he would go back. He began now to be frightened. He felt so small, so unimportant, except for his long-past crime. A miracle seemed as impossible to him as to the most cynical of atheists. His sin was written, his quest was a mad one. He would try only one more day.

This time Simon went directly to the desk.

"I want to see the records," he explained, frightened by the sound of his own deep voice.

"What records do you mean?" asked the young woman. "The Congressional records?"

Simon drew a sharp breath.

"I guess so."

"What volume?"

"Volume?" repeated Simon.

"There are hundreds of volumes," explained the clerk. "What particular subject were you looking for?"

Simon's face colored darkly.

"The Civil War, ma'am," he explained vaguely.

"You look over there in that catalogue and if you can't find what you want come back."

Simon did as he was directed. With shaking hand he pulled out drawer after drawer, with wavering glance he stared at card after card. It seemed to him that records were like the leaves of his forest for multitude. He returned to the desk.

"Is there any one here who can explain to me about these books?" he asked, hopelessly.

"Major Bain will be here presently. He is a veteran of the war; perhaps he can tell you."

Simon sat down in the nearest chair. His head nodded. Then he straightened up, a sharp fear jerking him out of sleep. This fear was a ghastly one. He rose and approached the desk.

"Was more than one copy of the

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records made?" he asked. "Was it—was it—spread about?"

"Oh, yes," answered the young woman. "Hundreds of copies of each volume are printed and are distributed through all the United States."

Simon Lee clasped his hands. The thought of the forest leaves came back to him.

"They can't be collected when they have blown away!" said Simon to himself. "I have been a fool."

He meant now to hasten home, to take the first train. Miracles he knew could not happen.

Then he felt a touch on his arm. Despairing of making him hear, the young woman had reached across her desk and laid hold on him.

"Here is Major Bain. He'll tell you what you want to know."

Simon tried to protest. "I know everything I want to know. I am going home. Oh, let me go home!"

But Major Bain, a gray-haired veteran, had him by the arm. It was his special business to be kind to his comrades, and it was a comrade whom he thought he saw. He led Simon across the room and into a little office and closed the door.

"Now, sir, we can talk in peace. What is it you are hunting for?"

Simon Lee looked at him. His cheeks quivered.

"Nothing, sir. I found out what I wanted to know."

Major Bain looked at him the more kindly.

"It's fine to see our boys going," said he, genially. "I have four grandsons. I suppose you have your share, too? They are adding to our record, sir."

Simon was a reserved and composed person. But he was mentally and physically exhausted, he was sore of heart, he was despairing. Grandsons? Alas for the romance of his dim past, ended by death! His record? Alas for that! He was seized, and suddenly, by an irresistible impulse to tell all his woes. It was entirely an impulse of self-pity, but a single indulgence in self-pity in seventy years may be excused.

"I have no children or grandchildren," said Simon. "I have no living kin. And I have nothing to recall but misery. In '63 I was tempted and I fell. I was young, and I was worked upon by those older than me."

"You were a Confederate?" said Major Bain. Then he smiled. "Why, sir, that is nothing. That is past. We were fair enemies. We—"

Simon interrupted the friendly speech.

"No," said he steadily. "I was not a Confederate. "I was a Son of Liberty."

"Oh!" The exclamation was long drawn out. Clearly a Son of Liberty was a different order of being from a Confederate. Major Bain looked gravely at Simon, his bright color a little dimmed.

"I was misled. I have repented it for fifty years. I thought there might be a year of jubilee to wipe it out. The Government took our names and wrote them down, thousands of them. I thought they might be destroyed now. I could not bear to die and have my name on such a list. There must be other old men like me. But I understand the records are printed. It is too late. I have not even a grandson to blot it out. I—"

Major Bain leaned forward. He held up his hand to silence Simeon. Did he refuse even to hear a Son of Liberty? Simon hid his tremulous lips with his thin old hand.

At last Major Bain spoke irrelevantly.

"Brother, there are hundreds and hundreds of volumes of the 'Congressional Record.' It is a vast and important work."

"I know," said Simon.

Again Major Bain held up his hand for silence.

"But it is not a perfect record. It is broken, sir. Certain volumes do not exist; they were destroyed. They contained—"

Again Major Bain paused, trying to control the flood of words which choked his throat. He had made many speeches before large audiences, but this speech to one man was, he felt, the most dramatic of his life. Simon Lee, seeing light once more, leaned forward, pale as death.

"They contained the names of the Sons of Liberty and the testimony against them. They were destroyed—" Major Bain paused again.

"Oh, why were they destroyed?" asked Simon Lee.

Major Bain rose and thrust his hand into the breast of his coat. He could not deliver himself of his climax and remain seated.

"Because a Christian, a democratic, a merciful Government wished to forget, sir. Your year of jubilee is over, sir, long, long ago."

Simon rose also. He did not think of going. He only knew that he must stand.

"You mean that—"

"I mean that they were burned or macerated or torn up. They do not exist, they are gone.

"Printed books?" asked Simon, in awe.

"Printed books," said Major Bain. "Come with me."

Simon was shown hundreds of books, row upon row, alike in binding.

"There are the others," explained Major Bain. "But two are lacking." Then Major Bain capped the situation neatly. "Mercy is better than justice," said he.

Simon did not know how he said good-by. His next conscious moment found him outside. He stood looking down upon an enchanted prospect, and it seemed to him that he felt a spirit near him. It was not Javert; Javert was gone; it was another, great, wise, beneficent, who became for him a symbol. Simon stretched out his arms. He did not realize that his hands were empty and that the little satchel which he carried was somewhere behind him; he never, indeed, remembered where it was.

"God bless Abraham Lincoln!" said he with a full heart.

But an emotion even more intense was to fill the breast of Simon Lee. Toward him came a group of soldiers, brawny fellows who sang loudly a song which made his heart stand still. They were Southerners—he could tell it from their voices. It was cruel to have been so elated and to be now so terrified as was poor Simon. For they sang "Dixie" loudly, defiantly, as though they did not realize that the past must be ignored, forgotten, forgiven. Simon stumbled toward them. Perhaps he could persuade them that their course was perilous. Then he stopped short. It was a world gone mad! They had changed their tune; they were singing, they were singing, these lads from Alabama:

> "The Yanks are coming,
> The Yanks are coming,
> The drums rum-tumming everywhere."

"The Yanks!" said Simon, and again, "The Yanks!" and still again, "*The Yanks!*"

The boys swept by him and Simon Lee looked after them. From the bottom of the steps he saw them silhouetted against the sky. They stood with their arms locked, magnificent as though sculptured from some warm marble.

"They don't know what they're singing," said Simon, hysterically. "It's past and gone. They'd as soon sing one song as another. They don't know any better; South or North or Sons of Liberty, it's all one to 'em. God bless 'em!"

Then Simon stroked his thin old cheeks. The climax of his happiness was, after all, tearful.

"Oh, I wish I was young like them!" said Simon Lee.

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REV. DR. BURCHARD

THE PHRASE THAT BEAT BLAINE

AN INSIDE STORY OF A DECISIVE INCIDENT IN AMERICAN POLITICS

BY RICHARD D. HARLAN

COULD what happened to Blaine in 1884 have happened to Harding in 1920? The Harding landslide was so overwhelming that it is easy enough to say now that no untoward last-minute fluke could possibly have thrown the victory to Cox.

But elections are never decided until the ballots are cast. It therefore behooved the most cocksure Republican leader or newspaper, even two weeks before the last election, to be careful of every action and to weigh every utterance. If the chances between the two candidates had been very much more even during October than we now know them to have been, "Harvey's Weekly," notwithstanding its ardent advocacy of Harding, might easily have turned the scales in Cox's favor because of a most discreditable cartoon in its issue of October 23, in which the sensibilities of our Roman Catholic brethren were deeply wounded by a shocking caricature of their cherished doctrine of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary.

Colonel Harvey's post-election statement that he knew nothing of that tactless, tasteless, and irreverent cartoon until he saw it in print has been accepted at par by all fair-minded men, and they applauded his fine expression of regret for its appearance in his journal; for every true American respects his neighbor's convictions, even when he does not share them.

It is therefore to be hoped that the indignation excited by that cartoon even among thoughtful Protestants in the Republican party will teach politicians and editors a lesson that will not be forgotten in future campaigns. In any hotly contested election an apparently trifling incident—some error in political strategy or some thoughtless utterance by a candidate or one of his partisans—might easily at the last moment lose a victory that was almost won.

The blow thus unwittingly dealt to Mr. Harding—which, had the election been close, might have been fatal—came from a journal that was extremely friendly to him. While the incident and its lesson are still fresh in mind it may interest readers of The Outlook to recall a really fatal wound that was received by another American statesman and Presidential candidate "in the house of his friends." I refer to the Rev. Dr. Samuel Burchard's famous phrase, "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion," which, on the very eve of the election of 1884, snatched the Presidency from the hands of James G. Blaine. The writer happens to know from first-hand knowledge a good deal of the inside history of that fatal phrase.

DRIFT OF IRISH TOWARD BLAINE

About three weeks before the 1884 election, the writer spent a Sunday at the summer home of Mr. John Wanamaker, the great Philadelphia merchant. Among the guests was the Rev. Dr. R. M. Thompson, a distinguished Irish Presbyterian, who (I think) was a Professor of Political Economy in the University of Pennsylvania. He told me that he was in correspondence with leading Irishmen all over the United States; that the Irish vote for Blaine would astonish the country; that he was in personal touch with scores of Irish "Blaine Clubs" in different parts of the country, composed of Irishmen who up to that time had always voted the Democratic ticket. Dr. Thompson's statement only confirmed the widespread rumors of a drift toward Blaine on the part of Irishmen, who were attracted by his magnetic qualities and by his liberal attitude toward the Irish.

Mr. Blaine himself, a year or more after the election, told my father that about three weeks before the election, while he was at his home in Augusta, Maine, he received an invitation from the Republican National Committee to attend a great banquet to be given in his honor in New York City during the week immediately preceding the election. His acceptance was published in all the newspapers.

Mr. Blaine further said that shortly afterwards he received a letter from a certain newspaper correspondent in New York, who was unknown personally to him but who represented himself as being an ardent Republican. He implored Mr. Blaine not to come to New York, but to remain in Augusta, as the fight was already won. This unknown newspaper man wrote him a second and a third time, expressing his fears that "*something*" might be said or done during the proposed visit to New York that might lose the election. Of course that correspondent did not dream of Dr. Burchard's fatal remark. Possibly he may have been afraid of the cry of "Wall Street influence" that would be raised, and which actually was raised, in connection with the famous "Millionaires' Banquet" that was given to Mr. Blaine during that visit to New York.

BLAINE WAS SUPERSTITIOUS

Mr. Blaine told my father that he had a vein of superstition in his nature; that the thrice-repeated warning from his unknown newspaper friend actually "got on his nerves," making him think of "Remember the ides of March;" and that he seriously thought of recalling his acceptance of that invitation. But he did go to New York, where, by a mere accident (as will be shown further on in this article) he listened

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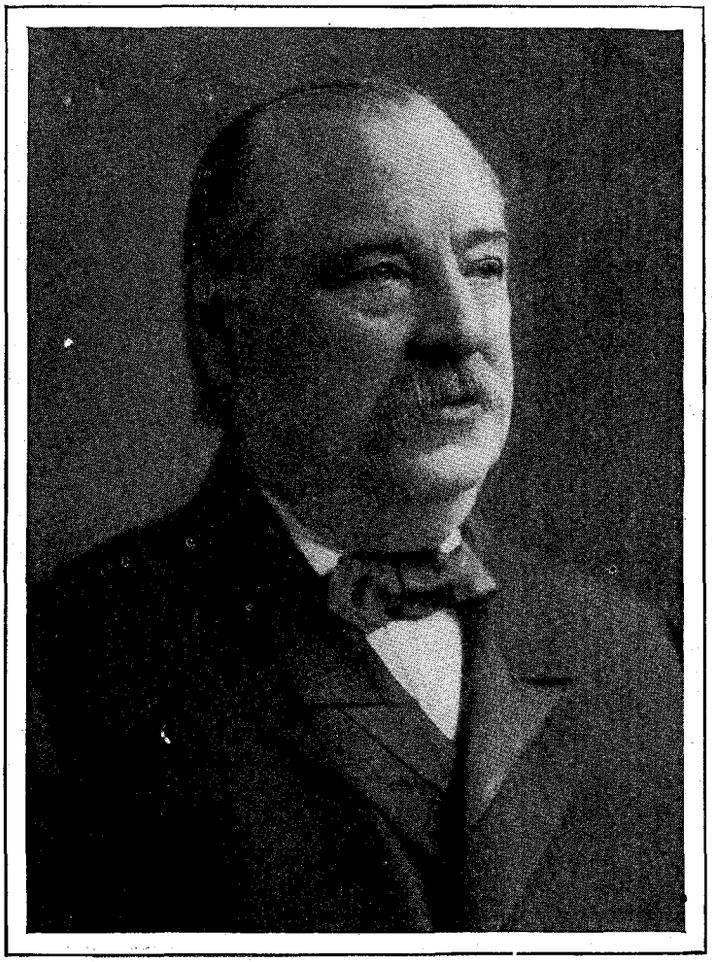

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GROVER CLEVELAND

to Dr. Burchard's speech containing that famous and fatal phrase, "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion."

The authority for the third feature of this story is the late Dr. Burchard himself, whom I afterwards came to know very well, and greatly to esteem, while I was the minister of the "Old First" Presbyterian Church of New York City.

When it became known that Mr. Blaine was to spend a few days in New York during the week before the election, a large committee was formed, composed of Protestant clergymen of Republican sympathies, who asked Mr. Blaine for the privilege of meeting him and of presenting a brief address to him. The clergymen's request was granted.

A certain clergyman, *not* Dr. Burchard, was chosen to be their spokesman; but the day before the meeting he was taken ill. A futile effort was made in two or three directions to get a suitable substitute, and it was only an hour or two before the meeting that Dr. Burchard was asked to be their spokesman. This fact is worth mentioning, because of the silly charge afterwards made, by people who did not know Dr. Burchard's guileless character and his sincere devotion to the Republican candidate, that the speech containing that fatal phrase was a cunningly put-up job!

THE LURE OF ALLITERATION

Dr. Burchard's speech was almost an impromptu one, and his famous phrase simply put into apt and alliterative form a charge that had often been made in previous elections by Republican newspapers and on the hustings without serious results; for until 1884 the vast majority of Roman Catholics had been Democrats. The trouble with the gentle and guileless old man was that he knew next to nothing of "politics," and he was entirely ignorant of the widespread drift toward Blaine among the Irish Roman Catholics.

Mr. Blaine's post-election remarks to my father are the authority for the fourth episode.

The meeting with those Protestant parsons was held on the Friday afternoon before the election. Dr. Burchard's speech was a short one, and was delivered in a voice that hardly carried to the edges of the audience present. Mr. Blaine told my father that Dr. Burchard's phrase went through him like a knife, and that he sensed its danger at once. He debated with himself whether he would vigorously repudiate it and earnestly deprecate such a sectarian and sectional appeal. But, as the brief phrase had been only a passing remark and had not been amplified, and as it had been uttered in such a low voice that possibly it had not attracted notice, Mr. Blaine said that he finally concluded that any repudiation on his part would only serve to emphasize and advertise it; and he said that he therefore made the greatest blunder of his life by letting the phrase go unrebuked.

How often must Mr. Blaine have recalled those "saddest words of tongue or pen," "*It might have been*"! If he had only obeyed the strong impulse born of his superstitious presentiments and had canceled the trip to New York; or if the spokesman first chosen by that group of parsons had not been taken ill; or even if Mr. Blaine, carrying out his first thought, had promptly, vigorously, and publicly repudiated Dr. Burchard's thoughtless appeal to sectarian and sectional prejudices, which repudiation would have been printed next morning in every newspaper throughout the land, he would undoubtedly have attained his long-cherished ambition of being President of the United States. On just such chance decisions and happenings do great events sometimes turn.

What happened is common knowledge.

A Democratic reporter took down every word of Dr. Burchard's speech, and within a few hours after that meeting tens of thousands of post-cards, playing up the phrase in big type, "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion," were printed by the Democratic Committee in New York. Those postals were mailed on that Friday night to every Roman Catholic priest in New York State, and on the Sunday before the election Dr. Burchard's charge was rebuked from numerous Roman Catholic pulpits throughout the State.

As a natural and inevitable result, Dr. Thompson's Irish "Blaine Clubs" did not materialize to any great extent on election day. Thousands of Irish votes were lost for Mr. Blaine, and Grover Cleveland carried the State by about 1,200 majority, and New York's vote in the Electoral College was what turned the scale. Thus an eleventh-hour change of only about 600 votes from Blaine to Cleveland elected the latter.

Dear old Dr. Burchard's phrase did the business, and the kindly old man was cursed and vilified by Republicans throughout the country. People who knew nothing of his guileless character even went so far as to accuse him of having been bribed to beat Mr. Blaine! A sarcastic invitation was telegraphed to him to attend a Democratic banquet in Kentucky, at which it was proposed to congratulate him on his fine work for the Democratic party!

A BABE IN POLITICS

The last episode in my story is full of curious interest. It is connected with a meeting of Chi Alpha—a coterie of Presbyterian and Dutch Reformed pastors and theological professors in New

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York City, of which the writer was a member. The meeting took place on the Saturday night before the election of 1888. Dr. Burchard was a member of that coterie and was present.

It was Chi Alpha's custom at the meeting immediately preceding a Presidential election to lay aside its usual programme of theological discussions, and for every member, whether he was a Republican or a Democrat, to speak of the issues and prospects of the election according to his convictions.

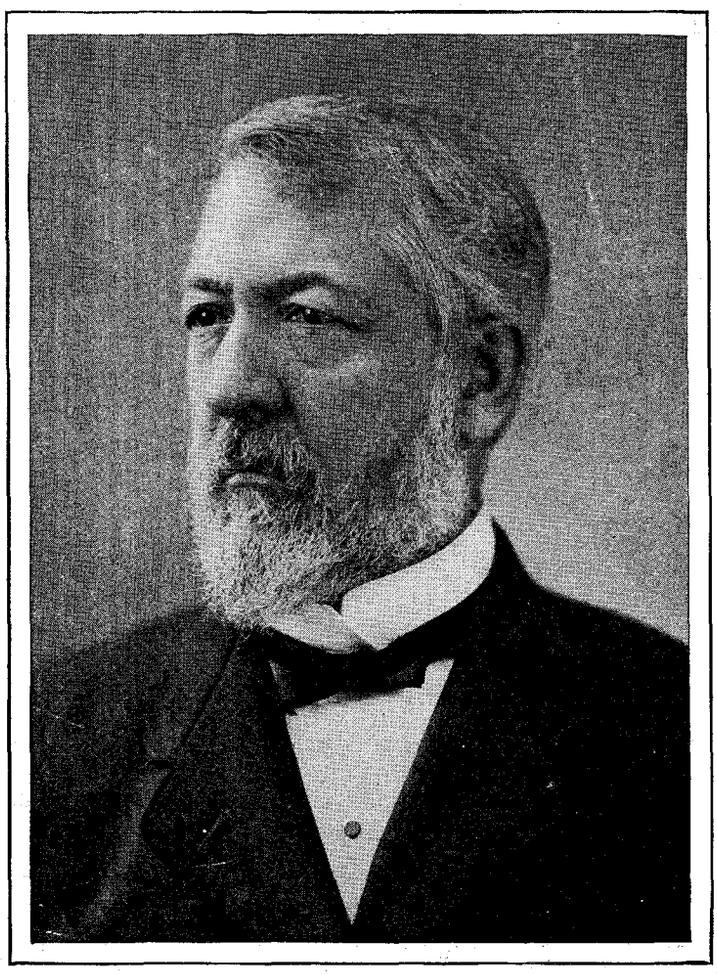
When it came the turn of the late Dr. Henry M. Field to speak his mind, he told us, among other things, that he had just come from Baltimore, where he was present at a large dinner given to distinguished people of both parties. Among those present was a very pretty young woman who was a Roman Catholic and the daughter of a Confederate officer. Lifting her glass of champagne toward Dr. Field, she gave him this saucy toast: "*Here's to Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion!*"

I was aghast at what, at first thought, struck me as being a most unkind and tactless reference to Dr. Burchard's famous blunder, and I looked around to where the latter sat, expecting to find him blushing with embarrassment. But Dr. Field knew more than I did as to how Dr. Burchard had finally come to look upon his *faux pas* of 1884. From others and from Dr. Burchard himself I soon learned the story of his subsequent change of attitude in regard to Mr. Cleveland, whose election he had so unwittingly and innocently brought about.

During Mr. Cleveland's first Administration the Pan-Presbyterian Council met in Washington and Dr. Burchard was a delegate. The Council went in a body to the White House to pay their respects to the President. Mrs. Cleveland stood at the side of her husband to receive the delegates as they filed past. When Dr. Burchard was presented by name, Mrs. Cleveland, with that winsomeness which has always so endeared her to every one who met her, was so gracious in the welcome she extended to the gentle old man to whom Mr. Cleveland was in a special sense indebted for his unexpected election that Dr. Burchard's stiff Republicanism began at that moment to thaw.

How far that change in his political leaning ever went I do not know. But the writer will let Dr. Burchard tell his own story of how he finally came to look upon the part he played in Mr. Cleveland's election. The following is the substance of what Dr. Burchard said to Chi Alpha at that Saturday-night meeting just before the election of 1888.

Taking his text from Dr. Field's humorous reference to his epoch-making phrase, Dr. Burchard then quoted those words of Holy Scripture, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."



JAMES G. BLAINE

He confessed to us that he had been a mere babe in "politics;" that in his address to Mr. Blaine he had only expressed what had often been said publicly, in previous elections, without damage to the Republican cause; and that at the time he knew nothing of the peculiar danger of any such remark in the election of 1884. He then went on, in a detached and delightfully naïve way, to philosophize over the results of his chance phrase.

He reminded us of the fear that used to be entertained in the North before 1884 that if the Democrats ever came into power "the South would be in the saddle," and that it would then rip up all the legislation growing out of the Civil War. He then showed us (as by that time had proved to be the case) how groundless had been those fears; and he spoke in justly high terms of the wise and conservative Administration of Mr. Cleveland.

BURCHARD PREDICTED COLLAPSE OF THE "SOLID SOUTH"

He next referred to the effect of that Administration upon the general political development of the country. Before Mr. Cleveland's election it had always been the "Solid North" against the "Solid South." As an inevitable result of that sectional division of parties it had never been possible in the South to discuss frankly and intelligently the various economic and political questions that had nothing to do with the differences between the North and South. For that reason the South had continued to be solidly Democratic because the Republican party was the party of the North—a most unwholesome state of affairs.

Dr. Burchard then said that Mr. Cleveland's Administration had laid the bogey of "Southern domination," and he predicted that the way would eventually open for a frank and intelligent discussion in the South of the broader questions of economic and political policy, which he believed would in time run new and non-sectional lines of party cleavage.

And he concluded his remarks by saying that, for the reasons given, he had finally come to look upon himself as the humble, even though foolish, instrument in the hands of Providence for ushering in a more National era in American politics, which would in time displace the sectionalism of the decades immediately following the Civil War.

His truly wise remarks along that line made a deep impression upon all the members of Chi Alpha. After thirty years Dr. Burchard's prophecy has at last been fulfilled, for it is now evident that the "Solid South" has been broken up for good.

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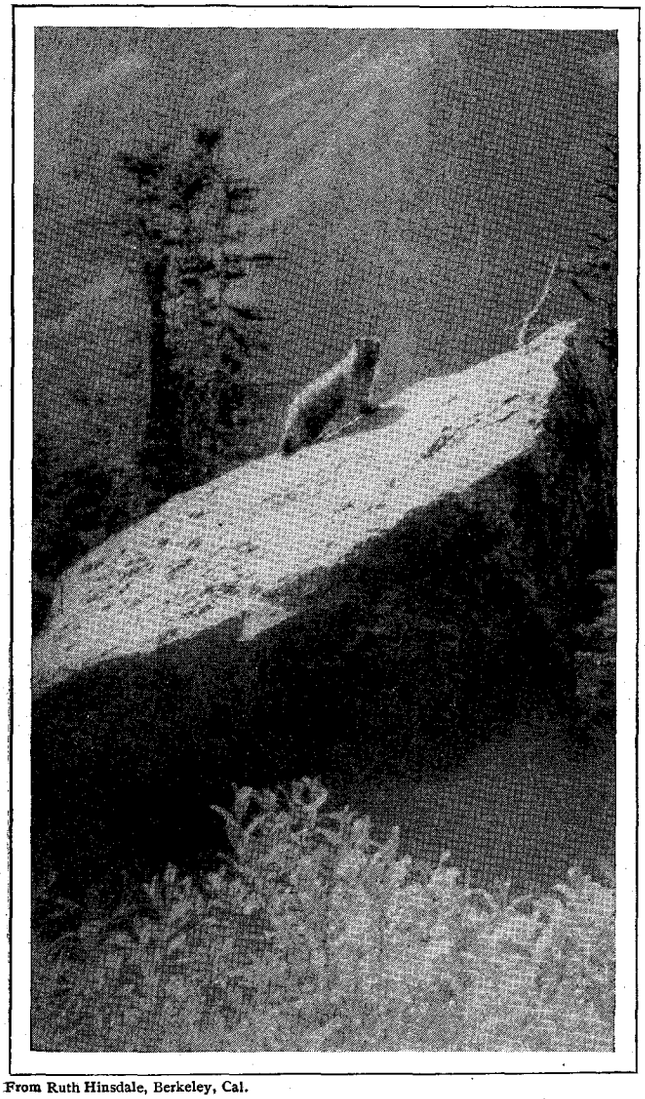
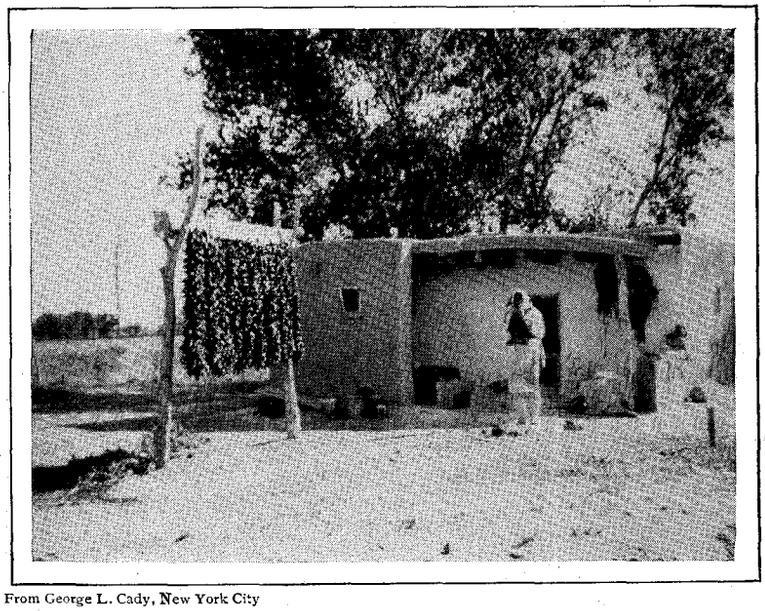
PICTURES FROM OUTLOOK READERS



From Ruth Hinsdale, Berkeley, Cal.

A CANADIAN MARMOT—LAKE LOUISE

Lake Louise, one of the gems of the Canadian Rockies, is included in a game reservation, and thousands of marmots gather here, unmolested—but by no means tame, our informant says



From George L. Cady, New York City

AN INDIAN HOME—ISLETA PUEBLO, NEW MEXICO

At the left, on the poles, are strings of red peppers that will later appear in "chile con carne"

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THE BOOK TABLE: DEVOTED TO BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

NOVELS NOT FOR A DAY[1]

IT is said that this generation of novel readers devours everything but remembers nothing. There is a vast crowd of mediocre stories that sink quickly into oblivion. The competition among writers seems to be for a merry life and a short one for their literary progeny. All the more credit, then, to those who do not manufacture stories just to get a laugh or a thrill, but exercise their art as the older dramatists and poets did—to deal nobly and seriously with the raw material of human nature: passion, character and conduct, motive and action, not forgetting the spice of humor and the stress of situation.

Three recent novels may be here pointed out with appreciation and thankfulness as examples that belong to literature, that repay careful reading because they bear the marks of careful thinking and careful writing. They are not the only ones of the season to merit this praise, but they are fine and welcome specimens of a class by no means too numerous.

First in order and first in ability comes Mrs. Edith Wharton's "The Age of Innocence." The species of "innocence" prevailing in New York's fashionable society in a period now nearly half a century ago was the innocence of an artificial, conventional, and dull society. It was a little before the "Four Hundred" phrase invented by Ward McAllister obtained vogue, but there was already the idea of an exclusiveness the lines of which were those of wealth, family connection, stiff social entertainments, and patronage of the opera, rather than those having relation to the world of art, literature, brilliant talk, or intellectual impulses. What was outside of this New York self-constituted circle was considered by it as dubious; life and culture "abroad" were practically unknown quantities. This time and the people and setting for the story are described with painstaking art, from Brown of Grace Church to the few great moguls whose smile or frown made or unmade "social standing." As a picture of the 'upper classes" in our metropolis as it stolidly solidified itself in the decade or so after the Civil War, the novel is curiously captivating; no one but Mrs. Wharton could have rendered the description so delicately exact. There is irony behind it all, but not the bitterness of scorn or contempt. It is an etching, not a caricature.

Into this self-satisfied and self-centered group comes a Polish countess, an American girl who has made an unhappy marriage abroad. She is regarded with suspicion, and is received only when the one family whose social supremacy is almost imperial takes her up. She is accustomed to free social interchange with writers, painters, and diplomats, to witty talk, to freedom from dulling conventionality. Contrasted with her is a charming young society girl who is loving and sweet-natured, but who simply does not conceive that "what they do" and "what they say"—"they" meaning "society"—can be disregarded. Between them hesitates the young New Yorker, Archer; he is bound by commitments to the girl of restricted nature, but longs for the woman of deeper and stronger character. In the end the bonds of convention and pledged honor prevail, but the struggle is a passionate one and leaves Archer disappointed and disillusionized.

The play of social forces and individual striving is subtle and strong. Mrs. Wharton's new novel is in workmanship equal to her very best previous work. Indeed, one is strongly inclined to declare this the best piece of American fiction of the present season. Its qualities are not superficial; its situation is led up to with admirable skill, so that the intensity of interest gradually tightens and strengthens. In its restrained art as well as its clear-sightedness the book is finely wrought. In the give and take of dialogue between the many minor characters there is ample entertainment. In its adequate dealing with a large *motif* this is a book of far more than ephemeral value.

"Possession" is the controlling passion of Mr. Galsworthy's novel. It controls, dominates, and dully obsesses the minds and action of most of the members of his Forsyte family. Not alone possession of money and solidly invested property, but of art works for their property value, of families as something appertaining to each Forsyte personage, of wives as personal belongings. The hardest-headed Forsyte of them all, Soames, the author tells us, "collected" his second wife as he did pictures. And Mr. Galsworthy, with a touch of genius, shows us this same Forsyte at the very end of the story trying to conceal his disappointment because this wife has borne him a daughter instead of the son that he had longed for as the most important of his personal possessions (he knew she would have no other child), but as he looked at the child suddenly "the sense of triumph and renewed possession welled within him. By God, this, this thing was *his!*"

So, too, Soames felt toward his first wife. He cared nothing for her after marriage except as an appendage to his pride of possession. Revolted, she left him for a man who did love her. Years after he decided to institute the divorce proceedings which his pride had so far forbidden. It was solely that he might make another loveless marriage and add a son and heir to his possessions. But, when he saw again this woman who despised him, there sprang up in him the sense of frustrated ownership, and in a mad passion he tried in vain to regain possession. And so with other Forsytes; whether heavily or wildly, they clung to what they had and built up a family tradition of wealth, power, and selfish mastership.

These Forsytes are descended from or survivors of those we met in Mr. Galsworthy's "Man of Property." It is a serious drawback that the first dozen pages or so of this book are a regular barbed-wire obstruction because of their intricate tangle of genealogy and relationships. The reader who perseveres, however, will be rewarded by as fine and penetrating a study of temperament and heredity as is often written—not "highbrow" or philosophical, but dramatic, tense, and vivid. As with at least one other English novel of this season, the British divorce law, for the broadening of which there is now a strong agitation, suggests the situations. It is an amusing and curious turn that its provision which requires an applicant for divorce to prove that he or she has begged the recreant spouse to return and condone, almost blocks one divorce, while in another case it brings a repentant husband back from South America, much to the disgust of his wife, who, despite her formal demand for restoration, had hoped never to see him again.

Mr. Ernest Poole's "Blind" is by its plan debarred from a centralized situation and unity of construction. It is truly "a story of these times," but in the sense that the publishers indicate when they describe its narrator, Larry Hart, as one who "sits in the darkness that is his heritage from the Great War, who lives over again a truly American career, covering forty years of National growth and change, and peers adventurously into a future of tremendous unborn forces, both good and evil." Larry is naturally more or less of a reflex of Mr. Poole's own experience as observer of social service and industrial wrongs, writer of correspondence from Russia, Germany, and elsewhere abroad, ardent longer for the coming of justice and fairness. Larry is blinded in the Great War, but the book's title is of moral rather than physical intent. Hope and faith in the future are shown in his words: "In all the peoples of the earth there is a reserve of idealism, courage, devotion, and endurance, the presence of which we barely suspect, we who are so tragically blind. A Russian engineer once said: 'We are beggars sitting on bags of gold.' That is true of all humanity. And through the years that are coming the gold will appear to our opening eyes."

It must not be thought that the novel is one of social propaganda alone. It has fictional vitality because of the variety and realism of its shifting scenes, the good and bad human qualities of its actors, its rapid movement, and its precision in description.

R. D. TOWNSEND.

[1] The Age of Innocence. By Edith Wharton. D. Appleton & Co., New York.
In Chancery. By John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.
Blind: A Story of These Times. By Ernest Poole. The Macmillan Company, New York.

THE NEW BOOKS

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

Socialism in Thought and Action. By Harry W. Laidler, Ph.D. The Macmillan Company, New York.

Why does Socialism exist? Because of economic and human waste and because of the inequality of wealth. Radical Socialists aim at the breakdown of capitalism, at class struggle, at collectivism. The very extreme radical effort in Russia has resulted simply in a dictatorship by the proletariat, a régime characterized by conservative Socialists as devoid of any redeeming feature. In the present volume the author shows what has taken place in Germany, Austria, Hungary, Great Britain, France, Italy, and other countries, including our own. He discusses the Socialist criticism of

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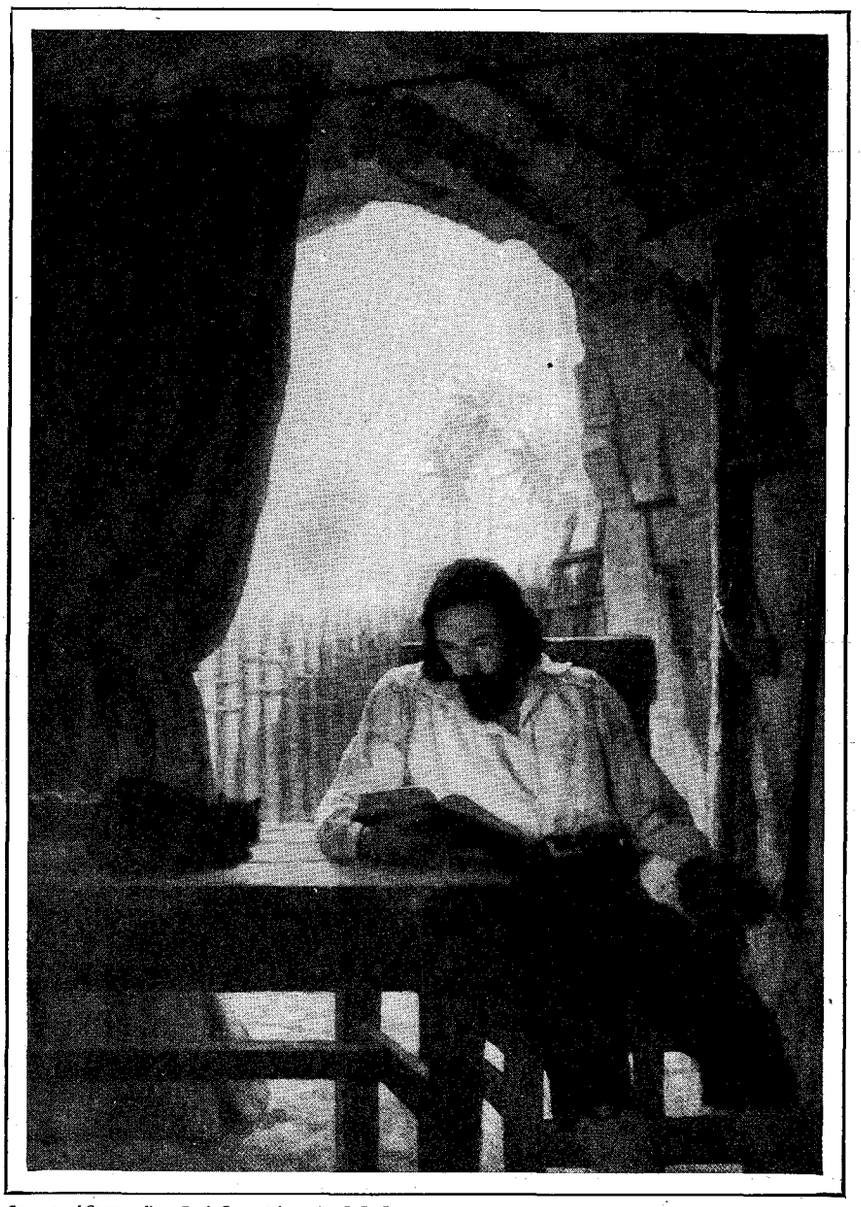

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ROBINSON CRUSOE READING THE BIBLE—A DRAWING BY N. C. WYETH

From a new edition of "Robinson Crusoe," with pictures in color by N. C. Wyeth

present-day society, the Socialist theory of economic development, the Socialist conception of a future social state, and the achievements and present status of the organized Socialist movement.

Spanish America: Its Romance, Reality, and Future. By C. R. Enock, C.E., F.R.G.S. Illustrated. 2 vols. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Mr. Enock's two volumes on Spanish America might well have been three volumes, so entertaining, interesting, and instructive are they. The text is not clogged by an overweight of historical or economic information. It gives to the average reader just the kind of information he wants and needs concerning Central and South America—that is to say, South America without Brazil, regrettably excluded because of the limitations of the title of the work.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

Alsace in Rust and Gold. By Edith O'Shaughnessy (Mrs. Nelson O'Shaughnessy). Illustrated. Harper & Brothers, New York.

This is a book about Alsatians, the simple, hearty, resourceful folk. They live near near enough to the Swiss to have some of the sturdy qualities of that people. Unlike the Swiss, the Alsatians have for nearly half a century been compelled to live under a Government not of their own choosing. With the sympathy born of first-hand experience, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy tells about them in the war and in the happier days for them since the war.

Great Fire of London in 1666 (The). By Walter George Bell, F.R.A.S. Illustrated. The John Lane Company, New York.

An exhaustive history of London's greatest tragedy. One doubts whether Chicago, Boston, and San Francisco one hundred years hence will find historians of their great conflagrations to write as complete and interesting a book as this. Will Americans ever love their cities as Englishmen love London? Many quaint pictures and curious plans help to bring the London of old days near to the reader and to elucidate the book's ample descriptive matter.

Seeing the Far West. By John T. Faris, Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

A comprehensive book, profusely illustrated, about the scenic attractions of the Far West. Even for old travelers in the regions described it whets the appetite for more sightseeing. The style is entertaining, and the book will take its place as one of the best of the "boosters" for seeing the great West.

Wild Turkeys and Tallow Candles. By Ellen Hayes. The Four Seas Company, Boston

An intensive study of the beginnings of a small town in central Ohio, this book will interest primarily the residents of Granville, the town described, but it presents a typical picture of the settlement and growth of a village of the Middle West, and as such will be valued.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Robinson Crusoe. By Daniel De Foe. Illustrated. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation, New York.

Fortunate is the boy who has not yet read his "Robinson Crusoe" and who receives this edition, with its excellent type and its beautiful pictures in color, as his first introduction to good old Robinson. A glimpse of the book will make any lover of De Foe wish he were a boy again.

WAR BOOKS

France and Ourselves. By Herbert Adams Gibbons. The Century Company, New York.

This is a good book. It shows us how we can help France and how France can help us. The general soundness of the author's opinions is evident when we consider what has taken place since his chapters were written. They are all published just as written when the fighting was in progress. Not all will regard one of the author's opinions, however, as sound—that concerning the despatch to Europe of a volunteer army led by Theodore Roosevelt, no matter what the greater satisfaction in France later was at the arrival of an official army led by General Pershing.

History of American Field Service in France. Edited by James Norman Hall and Charles Bernard Nordhoff. 3 vols. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

Lafayette Flying Corps (The). Edited by James Norman Hall and Charles Bernard Nordhoff. Associate Editor, Edgar G. Hamilton. Illustrated. 2 vols. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

Of the various histories of individual units and organizations which saw service in the war, we have seen none to compare in form and completeness with these records of the work and personnel of the Lafayette Flying Corps and the American Field Service in France. These volumes form a record of achievement, sacrifice, and devotion to duty of which every American may be proud. The men who formed the backbone of these two organizations may be regarded as having been among the leaders of those who not only saw America's duty early and clearly, but who also bore more than their share of the burden of translating that ideal of duty into the reality of achievement.

MISCELLANEOUS

Romance of Madame Tussaud (The). By John Theodore Tussaud. Introduction by Hilaire Belloc. Illustrated. The George H Doran Company, New York.

People who think of Madame Tussaud's Exhibition in London as a thing of the past, displaced by the movies, will be surprised to learn from this book that the attendance at the show has during the past few years mounted into the millions. The book tells in entertaining and anecdotal fashion the history of the Exhibition; there are many good illustrations, including some showing subjects in the Chamber of Horrors, the most famous feature of the "wax works."

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THIS WEEK'S OUTLOOK

A WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY[1]

BY J. MADISON GATHANY

SCARBOROUGH SCHOOL, SCARBOROUGH-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

War-Impelled Migration

AMERICAN immigration authorities tell us that some hundreds of thousands of Polish Jews and millions of Italians have definitely planned to come to America just as soon as transportation facilities will permit. Similar statistics are true in regard to other foreign countries. What questions do these facts raise in your mind?

The Outlook, in its editorial on immigration, found elsewhere in this issue, speaks of "dealing with immigration at its source." In what respects would this help solve our immigration problem? Would such a policy be fairer to prospective immigrants than our present system?

Some employers are saying that no other checks than those already effected should be placed upon the coming of foreigners to our country. Among other things, it is said that some employers want to see in the immediate future scores of thousands of men and women in this country begging for jobs, on the ground that wage-earners need this experience to teach them their place in our present economic order. Tell, with reasons, what you think of the opinions of such employers. Are they thinking soundly from the economic point of view?

Do, or do you not, agree with the opinion expressed by some that immigration from any country should be limited to a certain percentage of those already admitted? What are your reasons?

What also, with reasons, is your opinion of the proposal made by Representative Albert Johnson as stated in this editorial?

President-elect Harding believes that "only the immigrant who can be assimilated and thoroughly imbued with the American spirit" should be allowed admission to our shores. If so, how could we determine who such would be?

What is Canada's immigration policy? The Outlook thinks we have much to learn from it. Do you?

Why have we not a thorough and consistent immigration policy? Can you outline such a policy? Is the lack of it indicative of the way in which a democracy handles vital and human problems?

Here are some valuable books on the immigration question:

"Schooling of the Immigrant," by F. B. Thompson (Harpers); "Immigration and Americanization," by G. Davis (Ginn & Co.); "Our Foreigners," by S. P. Orth (Yale Univ. Press); "The Immigrant and the Community," by Grace Abbott (Century); "Americanization," by W. Talbot (H. W. Wilson).

The Green Hyphen

Can you make clear why "Irish sentiment in the United States has manifested itself in an emphatically un-American way"?

Is Sinn Fein a religion or a fanaticism? If it is neither of these, what is it?

What was the "Citizen Genet" incident in American history? Wherein does the position of Eamon de Valera, "President of the Irish Republic," differ from that of "Citizen Genet"?

How might the Federal Government curb the activities of De Valera? Should it?

Can you explain how one might be a friend of Ireland and at the same time not be a vilifier of England?

What is your opinion of reprisals?

Why don't the moderate men in Ireland and England come together in an attempt to break the Irish deadlock?

What is the Irish Home Rule Bill now passing through its last stages in the House of Lords? Is it a fair proposal? Which, in your opinion, show the better attitude in reference to the Irish question, the British or the Irish?

In the present state of affairs in Ireland is there anything else for Great Britain to do but make murder odious and unsafe?

Define accurately the following: *Professional propagandists, fatherland, opprobrious, epithet, Sinn Feiners, mass, fanatics.*

Shall We Scrap the Treaty?

What, with reasons, is your opinion of the two possible courses which The Outlook says are now open as to the Treaty of Versailles?

Has The Outlook answered its own question, Shall we scrap the Treaty? If you think it has, can you express that answer in three or four sentences?

If you do not like the answer which The Outlook has given to its own question, how would you answer the question?

Is there evidence that "the United States is as devoted as ever to the principles for which the Nation really fought"?

Define and explain: *Lodge reservations, promulgate, intrinsically, automatically, the law of nations, international anarchy.*

In his book entitled "The American World Policies" (Doran) David Jayne Hill discusses what, in his opinion, the wise course and sure ground for America to take as to the Peace Treaty should be. He also tells us what the Senate really fought for and why. Have you read this book?

Some other books worth while reading in connection with this topic are "The Peace in the Making," by H. W. Harris (Dutton); "From Upton to the Meuse," by W. Kerr Rainsford (Appleton); "The Doughboy in France," by Edward Hungerford (Macmillan).

Who Were the Pilgrim Fathers?

Read in connection with the editorial by Dr. Abbott on the Pilgrim Fathers the articles by Mr. Abrams and Mr. Perrin, which are found on another page in this issue.

For what reasons is it a good thing that the entire Anglo-Saxon people are celebrating this fall the landing of the Pilgrims?

What reasons can you give why Frenchmen, Germans, Irishmen, and all other nationalities represented here in America should join in celebrating the tercentenary of the landing of the Pilgrims?

From reading the editorial and the articles, what do you learn about the manners, customs, habits, and beliefs of the Pilgrims?

[1] These questions and comments are designed not only for the use of current events classes and clubs, debating societies, teachers of history and English, and the like, but also for discussion in the home and for suggestion to any reader who desires to study current affairs as well as to read about them. —THE EDITORS.

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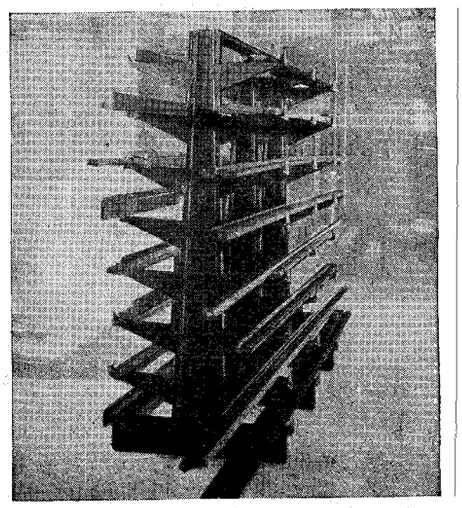

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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

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WHEN A MELON IS CUT

MOST people know that the term "cutting a melon" means a distribution of cash or additional stock by some company among its stockholders. When the rumor goes abroad that such a distribution is in prospect, the stock concerned usually registers an advance in price, the extent of which is dependent upon the estimated size of the "melon." What these "melons" amount to are in reality extra dividends, and they look most attractive to the ordinary investor. Before they are declared and before their size is known there is almost always a great deal of speculation in the stock to be affected, wild rumors of all kinds are circulated, and violent fluctuations take place in the price quotations.

Now suppose there is a certain company about to cut a melon. Suppose, for the sake of argument, the melon is known to be cash amounting to forty dollars a share. Would the stock of this company be a wise investment under the circumstances? It might be. But what is going to happen to it after the dividend is paid? This is the question to be answered, for the main consideration in every investment is future prospects; true, these prospects may be quite accurately forecast in many cases from past performances, but what a stock or bond is going to be worth some time in the future is the really interesting thing for the purchaser to decide. And when this forty-dollar dividend is paid, the stock in all probability will sell for forty dollars less than its previous quotation. Suppose, for example, that you bought ten shares at 140. Obviously their cost to you was $1,400, but if their price declines by

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After the first winter "many of the colonists engaged in fishing, aboute codd, and bass, and other fish, of which they tooke great store."

New England's Fisheries

WHEN the Pilgrims sent their agent from Leyden in 1618 to secure the consent of the English crown to the settlement they proposed making in America, King James asked, "What profit might arise?" The single word, "Fishing", was the reply. But the colonists did not intend to engage in fishing as a business. Only by chance did they land at Plymouth Bay and by dint of circumstances they took to the sea for a means of livelihood.

Once realizing the value of this industry, however, the Massachusetts General Court soon passed enactments "for the encouragement of men to set upon fishing". In the year 1641, Governor Winthrop reported 300,000 dry fish sent to market—the early beginning of a business that in 1918 brought to Boston, Gloucester and Portland, alone, over 300,000,000 pounds of fish, valued at more than $10,000,000.

Not only in the fisheries, but in the canning and preserving of their products, does New England's interest extend. The latest available statistics report that Maine and Massachusetts together, in 1914, canned nearly 5,000,000 cases of fish and oysters—more than half the total in the United States—and over 100,000,000 pounds of cured fish.

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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT
(Continued)

the amount of the dividend they will be worth only a thousand dollars after the payment is made. Of course you have $400 in cash, but have you actually made anything? Possibly you may make something if earnings continue at the rate which justified the former distribution, but the immediate effect is generally that the value of your investment is the same just after the melon was cut as it was previously. When a stock sells "ex-dividend," it usually sells lower than formerly by the amount of the dividend. For instance, if a stock is quoted at 101½ on December 10 and on December 11 is "ex" a dividend of 1½ per cent, the chances are that it will sell one and one-half points lower on that date, or at 100. If you sold on the former date, therefore, you would not get the dividend, but in all probability you would get a price equivalent to what you would get if you waited until the day following, when you would be entitled to the dividend even if you should dispose of your holdings before it was actually paid. In other words, you could sell and get the amount of the dividend in the sale price, or wait until you were entitled to the dividend and then sell at a price lower by that amount. It is about as broad as it is long.

Now when a melon is cut the company distributes cash, let us say. After the distribution its assets are decreased by the amount of cash distributed; and if this is the case, is not its financial position weakened to this extent? Is its outstanding stock as safe and as well secured as formerly? This is something worth thinking about.

Suppose that, instead of a distribution of cash, the melon consists of additional stock. What effect does additional outstanding stock have on the shares already outstanding and upon the stock as a whole? Well, suppose that a corporation has issued and outstanding 500,000 shares of stock on which it is paying dividends of $6 a share a year. This means that $3,000,000 a year is required to pay these dividends. Now suppose that every stockholder is given a new share of stock for evéry five shares he now owns; this increases the outstanding shares by twenty per cent and makes them total 600,000. If dividends are to be continued at the rate of $6 a share, there will now be $3,600,000 required instead of the former amount. In other words, the corporation must now earn $600,000 a year more in order to make its stock as valuable as formerly, for the value of stock, as so often stated in these columns, is dependent primarily upon earnings. If earnings do not increase, possibly the dividend is cut, and in such circumstances it is entirely possible that, while the stockholders have more shares than formerly, their aggregate value is no greater than the lesser amount.

One result of stock dividends commonly overlooked is the benefit accruing to the preferred stock. When common stock dividends are distributed, it means that the corporation's surplus is being capitalized. Common stock issued against assets of equipment, real estate, or new plants means that they are to be kept as assets and cannot be disposed of, and, as preferred stock has a prior right to fixed assets, its position is therefore strengthened. On the other hand, if the melon consists of cash it is possible that the position of the preferred stock may be weakened. It is presumed, of course, that no company is going to make distributions of the sort outlined here unless it is in a position to do so without hurt to any of its outstanding shares, but the considerations we have mentioned are worth thinking about.

For instance, there were many concerns which made large profits from war business, and which have distributed these profits among their stockholders in the form of cash or new stock. Some of these concerns are having a difficult time of it now and are in need of the cash they gave away, or find the task of maintaining dividends on their increased capitalizations almost impossible of accomplishment. People who now have 100 shares of a stock may find if they investigate its market value that they can get no more for it—and possibly less—than would have been possible for 50 shares a few years ago before the outstanding stock was increased.

In other words, "melons" may be pleasant things to have a share in, but they do not necessarily indicate that they insure a large profit for the stockholders or add to the value of their stock. The argument in their favor is, of course, the fact that they are concrete evidence of prosperity, and if a corporation is prosperous this is pretty substantial evidence that its stock is valuable. But, as with most things, there are two sides to the question, and both should be carefully considered.

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DIETITIANS, superintendents, cafeteria managers, governesses, matrons, housekeepers, social workers, and secretaries. Miss Richards, Providence, East Side Box 5. Boston, Fridays, 11 to 1, 16 Jackson Hall, Trinity Court. Address Providence.

PLACEMENT BUREAU for employer and employee: housekeepers, matrons, governesses, secretaries, dietitians, attendants, mother's helpers. 51 Trowbridge St., Cambridge, Mass.

MOTHER'S helper, by January 15. White, refined, educated Protestant. Care of four-year-old boy, help with upstairs work; no heavy cleaning. Must be good sewer. State age, experience, references, and wages. Mrs. W. C. Hesse, Jr., Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia.

RESPONSIBLE woman to assist mother with household duties, including simple cooking, in cultivated home. Address G. B., 19 Hobart Road, Summit, N. J.

TWO young girls, preferably sisters or friends, to run Ford car, do light housework, and make themselves generally useful in country home. No cooking or laundry. Address Box 58, Radnor, Pa.

WANTED—Companion-chauffeuse to semi-invalid. Adaptable, cheerful, educated. References. "J." The Colonial Hotel, 11th and Spruce Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

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WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools. Calls coming every day. Send for circulars. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N. Y.

TEACHERS WANTED, men and women, for all departments of colleges and schools. Immediate and future vacancies. The Interstate Teachers' Agency, 717 Macheca Building, New Orleans, La.

WANTED—Experienced English nursery governess to care for little girl six years old at Rochester, N. Y. Best references required. 9,196, Outlook.

CHILD'S nurse-governess. Country location. Two small children. Excellent salary paid to gentlewoman who loves children, thoroughly understands physical care, directing play, and early instruction. State experience, salary received, references. Mrs. Stephens, Box 187, Auburn, Pa.

GOVERNESS wanted, to take charge of boy 8 years old. Teach French, music, and assist with school lessons. State age, nationality, and experience. Must have good references. Fine position for the right one. Whitman, P. O. Box 34, Station O, New York.

HOPKINS' Educational Agency, 507 Fifth Ave. Governesses, nurses, housekeepers, dietitians, teachers, companions, secretaries, attendants.

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BIG demand for teachers for emergency vacancies. Ernest Olp, Steger Bldg., Chicago.

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"NOT AT HOME"

EDWARD BOK, in his recently published autobiography, tells this story of the author of "Alice in Wonderland," "Lewis Carroll," otherwise C. L. Dodgson, from whom he sought a series of articles. After great difficulty (for the author led a secluded life at Oxford and rarely admitted any one into his confidence), Mr. Bok was introduced to the Rev. Charles L. Dodgson, a tutor in mathematics.

"You are quite in error," said the mathematician, when Mr. Bok had stated his errand. "You are not speaking to the person you think you are addressing."

"Do I understand, Mr. Dodgson," exclaimed Mr. Bok, "that you are not 'Lewis Carroll;' that you did not write 'Alice in Wonderland'?"

For an answer the tutor rose, went into another room, and returned with a book which he handed to Bok. "That is my book," he said simply. It was entitled "An Elementary Treatise on Determinants," by C. L. Dodgson. It was a copy of the book which he had sent to Queen Victoria when she requested a personal copy of the famous story.

"As I said in the beginning," continued Mr. Dodgson, "you are in error. You are not speaking to 'Lewis Carroll.'"

And nothing that Mr. Bok could say or do, despite the fact that he expended two hours in the effort, could break down this reserve.

NEWLY FOUND ANCIENT DWELLINGS

NEWS despatches from Denver record the discovery of prehistoric ruins of two cliff-dwelling settlements in a canyon west of the junction of the Yamoa and Green Rivers, in a remote section of the northwestern corner of Colorado, as reported to Professor Jean A. Jeancon, agent of the United States Bureau of Ethnology.

James Loftus, ranchman, of Youghai, Colorado, brought word of the findings, together with a detailed description of the ruins. Discoveries of incalculable value to science and history have been made in the ruins, according to Professor Jeancon.

Homesteaders' curiosity aroused by the ancient and peculiar canyon walls and overhanging ledges, partially eclipsed by the "long, deep opening, resembling a great pair of lips, with flat, stone-colored teeth," led Loftus to make an investigation of the ruins, he said to-day.

In the rooms he declared he found wicker baskets filled with what appeared to be grain. Two skeletons were found in one of the rooms. Pieces of pottery and baked clay were littered about the floor of the houses.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

FIRST-class dressmaker and seamstress would like private residence or institutional position for the winter. 9,251, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

POSITION as companion, chaperon in girls' school, or managing housekeeper by woman of refinement. 9,198, Outlook.

COMPANION-housekeeper. Take entire charge of apartment or house. References. 9,237, Outlook.

LADY, a Virginian, desires position as companion for young woman or for elderly or invalid one in refined Christian home of means. Best of references given and asked. Address Miss K., P. O. Box 117, Eastville, Va.

EXCEPTIONAL musician, cultured, well-read young lady of artistic tastes desires position as companion, social secretary, or governess. Preferably in or suburbs of New York. 9,271, Outlook.

YOUNG lady student desires position as companion in physician's family—no children. Two days weekly free for study. Moderate compensation. New York City only. 9,259, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

REFINED middle-aged woman desires position as companion-secretary. Capable of managing household. 9,252, Outlook.

CULTURED lady would chaperon young girl in New York City or would care for semi-invalid going to California for the winter. 9,253, Outlook.

MIDDLE-aged lady wishes position as managing housekeeper, useful companion, or charge of child. References. P. O. Box 239, Rosemont, Pa.

MANAGING housekeeper for elderly couple where companionship will be appreciated, or in home where a child needs love and care. 9,275, Outlook.

NURSE, graduate, healthy, strong, willing, desires position to go to warm climate for winter months. Will go anywhere. 9,274, Outlook.

HOUSEKEEPER desires care of home and children; any section. Excellent references. 9,268, Outlook.

CULTURED gentlewoman will act as visiting reader-companion or chaperon two or three hours a day. Highest credentials. 9,232, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

POSITION of dignity and trust desired by cultured, versatile, ambitious woman, exceptionally experienced and capable in supervision of household, care and training of children, shopping, chaperoning, etc. Would accompany lady South or as companion to one living in hotel. 9,272, Outlook.

WANTED—Young woman, college graduate, professional training and experience, capable, reliable, best references, eager for normal, wholesome family life, desires position in home. Willing to make herself generally useful. Suburban New York preferred. 9,269, Outlook.

HOMEMAKER—Cultured woman, proven executive ability, desires supervision motherless home or similar field requiring intelligence, experience. Resident or visiting. Eastern States, Washington preferred. Social, business references exchanged. 9,260, Outlook.

CHAPERON—Traveled woman, refined, going to California in December, will chaperon children or others. References exchanged. E. W., 162 Croton Ave., Ossining, changed. E. W., 162 Croton Ave., Ossining,

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

COMPANION, secretary. Twelve years' city reference. Would travel. Interview requested. Free after Dec. 15. 9,273, Outlook.

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MISS Guthman, New York shopper, will send things on approval. No samples. References. 309 West 99th St.

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